

The Sketch

No. 1103.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

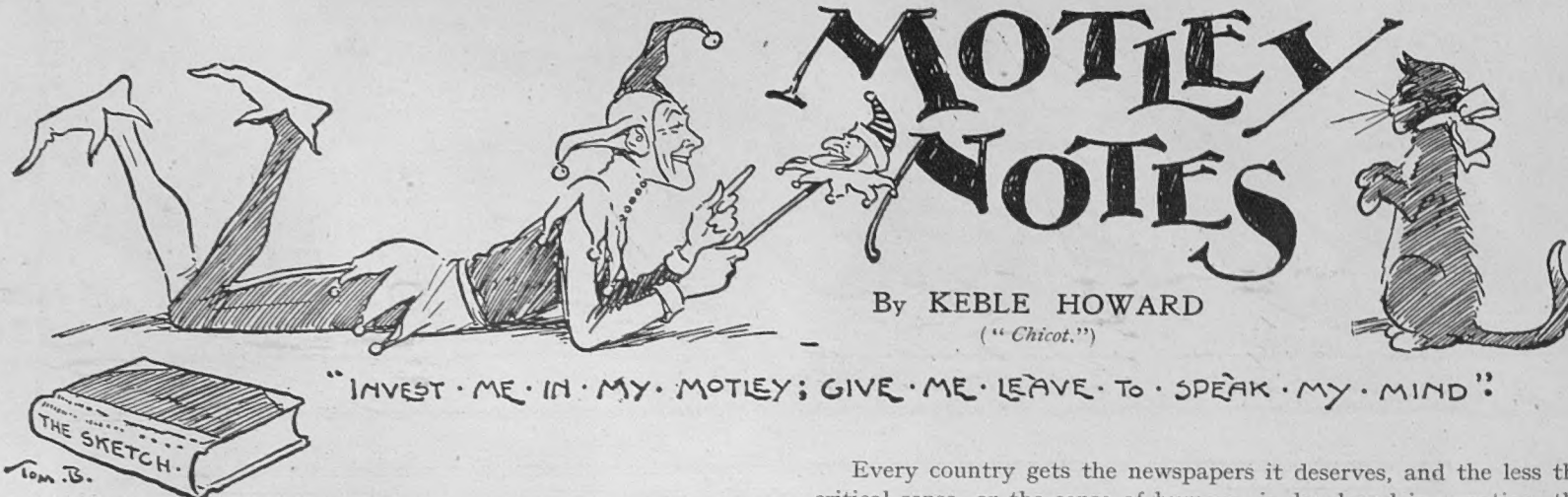


AN ACTRESS ON WHOSE BEHALF A DUEL HAS JUST BEEN FOUGHT : MME. CORA LAPARCERIE, THE APHRODITE OF THE PLAY OF THAT NAME IN PARIS—WITH RODIN'S STATUE OF APHRODITE.

A duel was fought last week at Neuilly, near Paris, by M. Jacques Richepin and M. Pierre Frondaie, author of "Aphrodite," which it was arranged should be produced at the Renaissance Theatre on Monday last. It appears, from the "Daily Mail's" Paris correspondent, that on Wednesday of last week "M. Frondaie, who was present at a rehearsal of his play at the Renaissance Theatre, made a remark to Mme. Cora Laparcerie, the actress and joint-manager of the Renaissance Theatre with her husband, M. Richepin, who made a rather sharp

retort. Mme. Frondaie interfered and high words ensued between the two women. M. Richepin asked the author to apologise for certain remarks made by his wife to Mme. Cora Laparcerie, and on his refusal a duel was arranged." Both Mme. Cora Laparcerie and Mme. Frondaie awaited the arrival of the principals in the duel, as did M. and Mme. Jean Richepin. They did not witness the duel. The fight ended when M. Jacques Richepin wounded his opponent in the arm in the second round. There was no reconciliation.

Photograph by Meurisse.



A Delightful Cutting.

The post rarely brings me anything so deliciously amusing as the cutting from a New York paper just to hand. (Kindly correspondent, if these lines meet your eye, pray accept my blessings and sincere thanks!) The cutting is an illustrated report of the Baseball Match played recently in London. Here was an opportunity indeed for the picturesque section of the American Press, and splendidly have they availed themselves of it.

The article is headed, "KING GEORGE CHEERS WILDLY LIKE A REAL BASEBALL 'FAN' AS HE SEES WHITE SOX BEAT GIANTS, 5 to 4." That, to begin with, is a nice, concise little "caption." It must have brought to the American reader a very pretty picture of our King, standing up in his place, waving his hat, and yelling at the top of the royal voice.

But the King did more than that, it seems. He was so moved, every now and then, that he had to groan with the crowd. "After the early innings, the King said he understood the game perfectly, and shared in the general applause, with an occasional groan when the umpire's decision seemed doubtful." It would have been good to hear that the King had ordered the immediate execution of the umpire.

Much use is made, too, of a certain glass-breaking incident. "Once during the fourth inning, 'Ned' Egan, of John J. McGraw's squad, foul-tipped one of 'Joe' Benz's 'spitters,' the ball breaking a window above the royal box, and the glass falling upon the head of the King. He was so absorbed in the play that he did not even dodge the falling glass. Afterward he took away a piece of the broken window as a souvenir of the game."

The Illustration. Americans visiting London this season will certainly desire to be shown the King's collection of broken glass, half-bricks, flints, cracked slates, and all the other souvenirs of royal visits to athletic meetings. They will learn with interest that his Majesty has a pocket in all his coats specially lined with leather, in order that he may carry pieces of broken glass away with him whenever he feels inclined so to do.

But the sweetest part of this article, perhaps, is the illustration. In the letterpress, by the way, the King is described as being "attired in inconspicuous afternoon dress, with a black derby" (American for bowler). That description had no terrors for the art-editor. He had a picture by him of the "Napoleon" in baseball costume and another of our King in a light frock-coat (no overcoat), holding aloft a white top-hat such as he wears at race-meetings. It needed but a moment to put the two pictures together, and there we have the King gravely raising his topper to the baseballer. So that, in one short afternoon, our gracious Sovereign cheered wildly, changed his "derby" for a white top-hat in order to salute the "Napoleon," and went happily back to Buckingham Palace with his pockets full of broken glass.

Any reader of that journal who does not thoroughly understand English ways and customs has only himself to blame. The editor, the art-editor, and the sporting reporter have done their best and deserved well of their office.

English and American Papers.

Such articles as the one I have quoted give the British public a wrong impression of American newspapers. The average Englishman believes that the American Press is filled with scare head-lines and incorrect information. I studied the papers very carefully when I was in America, and I was surprised to find a great many of them more moderate in tone, more careful in their language, than our own.

Every country gets the newspapers it deserves, and the less the critical sense, or the sense of humour, is developed in a nation, the wilder will be the newspapers. Obviously, an editor dare not give his readers more than they will swallow, but there is no reason, from one point of view, why he should not give them as much as they can swallow.

I have often urged, and I urge it again here and now, that there should be a class in every Council School for the purpose of teaching boys and girls to read the newspaper—that is to say, to read between the lines as well as the lines themselves. As soon as the great public can understand that newspapers are commercial undertakings, brought out by human beings with the average amount of human weaknesses, then the cheap stuff will gradually disappear and the better stuff will remain.

"The Afflicted in Mind."

A correspondent of one of my daily papers, writing, very sensibly, about some horrible suggestion that appears to have been made about the Litany and flying—"From all those of vulgar mind, good Lord, deliver us" would be a new petition that I should welcome—adds: "The wanton loopers of loops we might mentally include in the petition for those in any way afflicted in mind."

It is all very well to pray for the loopers of loops, because they do no damage to anyone but themselves; but, if we are to pray for all the "afflicted in mind," we shall be praying for the preservation of a good many people who are dangerous to the community. This very afternoon, whilst I was driving a car containing four people besides myself, two of them ladies, along a very narrow thoroughfare which also happens to be the main road from London to Brighton, another car came dashing down a side-street at fifteen or twenty miles an hour without the slightest warning. The driver was a chauffeur, and there were two ladies at the back of his car. We escaped by less than an inch, and the chauffeur, I have no doubt, regarded himself as a very fine fellow. But there are trams on that road, and trams cannot swerve.

I would ask, in all humility, whether I am to consider a person of that sort as mentally afflicted? And, if so, must I—?

Well, Christian forbearance is a great thing. I'll try.

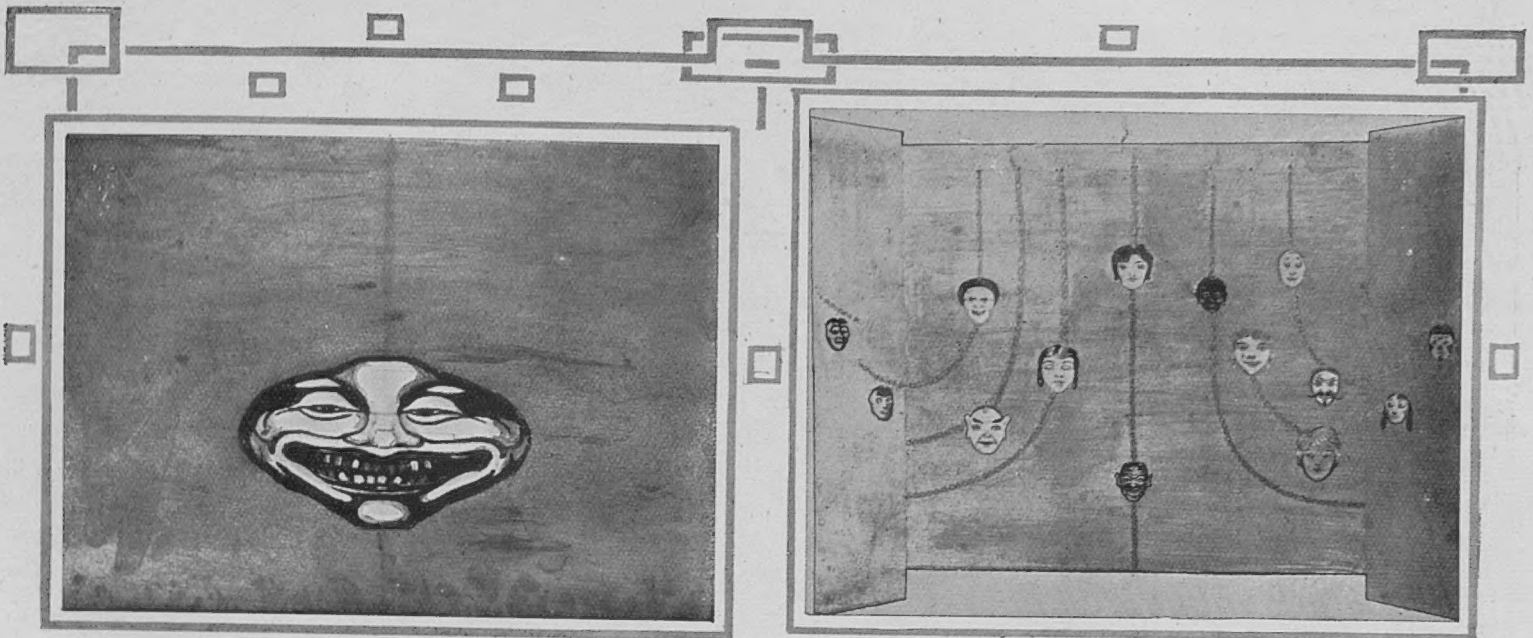
The Lack of Burlesque.

People are always asking why the art of burlesque is practically dead in this country. The answer is because the players and producers, as a rule, do not understand the art of burlesque. It is a most delicate art. You must approach it on tiptoe—not in hob-nailed boots.

I have seen some terrible sins committed on the English stage under the sacred name of burlesque. Our actors seem to think that, when they are engaged in burlesque, the further they get from the original the funnier they will be. This, of course, is entirely wrong. If you wish to burlesque a play, for example, you must keep very close to the original, but just, and only just, over the border. We have a few burlesque artists in this country, and they find it a better game to work "on their own" than with a crowd. Harry Tate, for example, is a real burlesque artist. His "Golfing" and "Motoring" are a real delight—I use the word with deliberation—simply because they are so very near to the real thing.

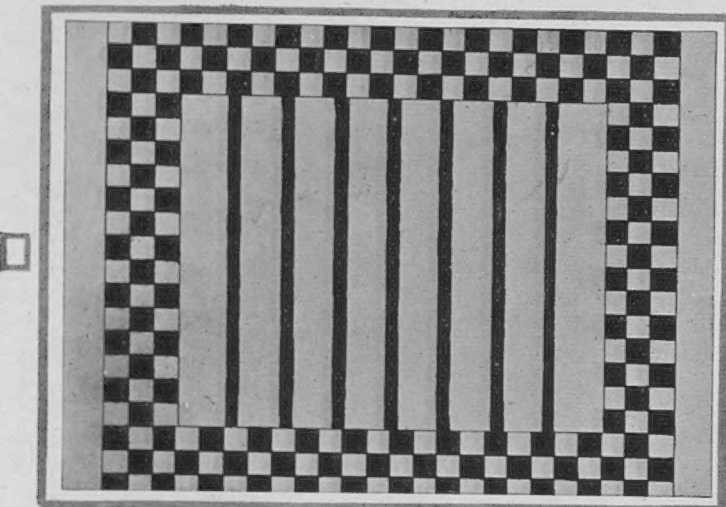
If a thing is funny to you, it is funny. That is enough. All you need do is to show an audience why it is funny as it stands. The small boy who is always in the way when Harry Tate is trying to mend his car is taken straight from life. Everybody has seen him; everybody has made a remark about him; it remains for the artist in burlesque, however, to put him on the stage as he really is and show us that he is funny. A bad burlesque artist would have had that small boy leaping into the driver's seat and starting the car—which would have made us very, very tired.

DÉCOR FOR TURNS: NEW ART FOR THE HALLS.

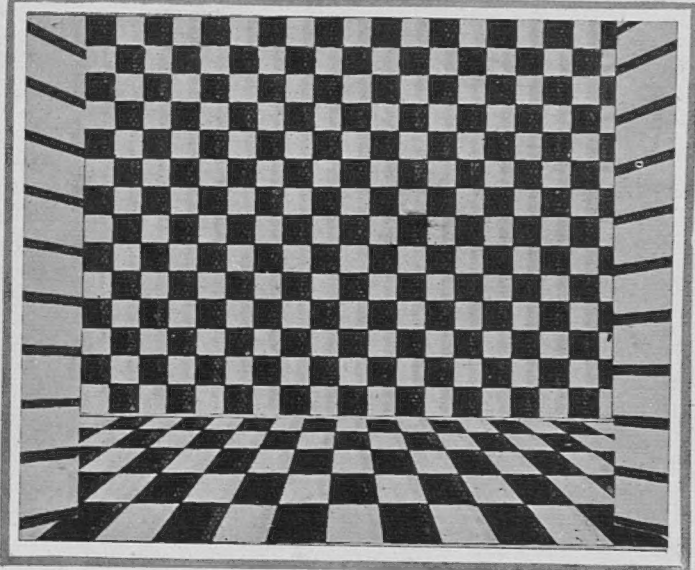


THE COMIC TURN:
THE CURTAIN.

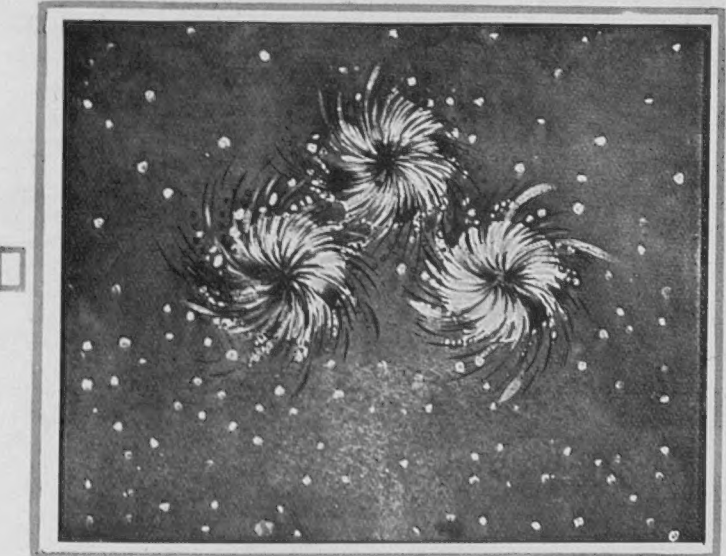
THE COMIC TURN:
THE SCENE.



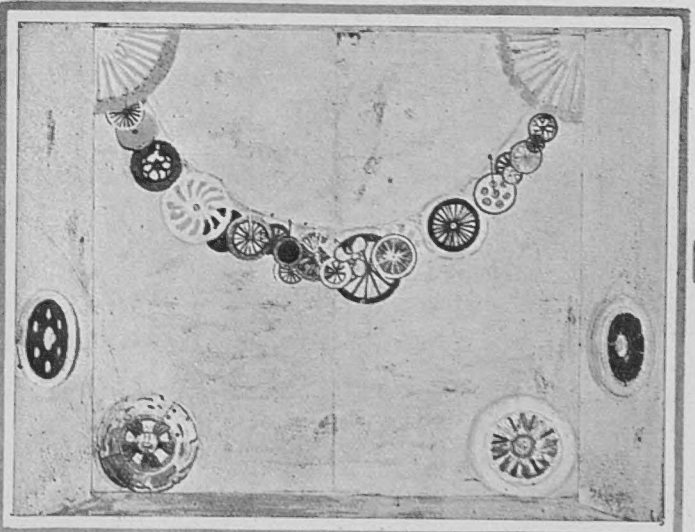
THE BALLET OR REVUE:
THE CURTAIN.



THE BALLET OR REVUE:
THE SCENE.



THE BICYCLE TURN:
THE CURTAIN.



THE BICYCLE TURN:
THE SCENE.

AVOIDING INCONGRUITY: CURTAINS AND SCENES OF A NEW TYPE, DESIGNED FOR THE LONDON COLISEUM
BY MR. H. KEMP PROSSOR.

Our illustrations represent Mr. H. Kemp Prossor's idea of decorations for the music-hall stage which shall do away with the frequent incongruity—Mr. George Robey, for instance, singing his "theatrical landlady" song in front of a scene representing the interior of an Indian palace! Mr. Prossor has designed four curtains, and as many backcloths, for four different types of turns. One of these is for the musical turn; the other three are illustrated here as they are used at the London Coliseum. The drop-curtain for the comic turn is yellow. The backcloth, as our photograph shows, has various

faces upon it, including one of a lady with purple hair. For the bicycle turn the curtain has three wheels, in brilliant colours, against an orange star-dotted background, the stars denoting sparks from the wheels. The scene is green, with designs of various kinds of wheels, and is intended to convey a sense of rapid movement. The black-and-white room is designed to suggest movement in a ballet or revue. The curtain shows a window, with squares of black and white round it. The scene is a large room, whose walls, carpet, and so on, are all in squares and stripes.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray; specially taken for "The Sketch."

STEEPLECHASES AND SOCIETY: THE NATIONAL HUNT



FOUR GENTLEMEN RIDERS: MR. K. GIBSON, MR. G. PHIPPS HORNBY, CAPTAIN PAYNTER, AND MR. F. LENNOX HARVEY—AT THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASES AT CHELTENHAM LAST WEEK (LEFT TO RIGHT).



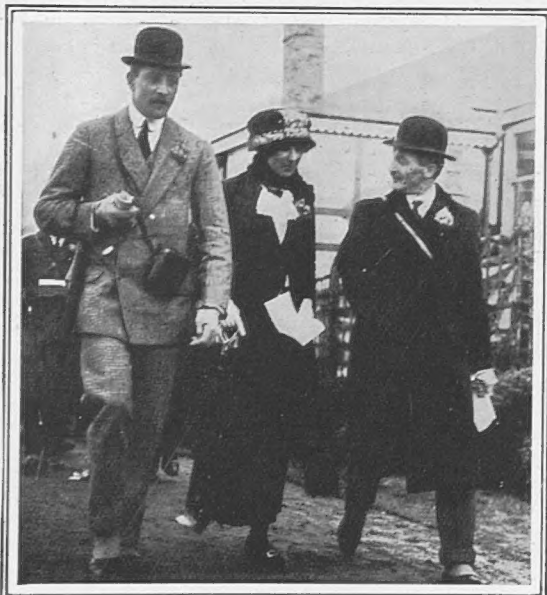
THE HON. HELENA COVENTRY (DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT DEERHURST), THE COUNTESS OF COVENTRY, AND LADY HONOR WARD AT CHELTENHAM (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE COUNTESS OF DERBY, HER ELDER SON (LORD STANLEY), MRS. LEOPOLD ROTHSCHILD, LADY VICTORIA STANLEY, AND MR. RALPH LAMBTON AT HOGGESTON.



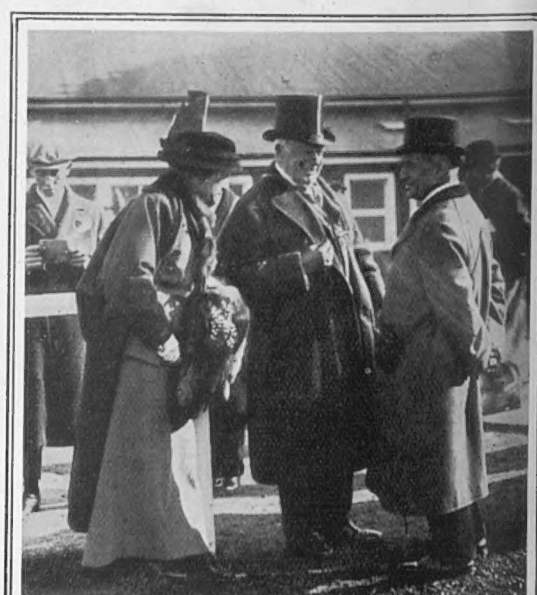
GETTING RATHER A CLOSER VIEW OF THE PROCEEDINGS THAN WAS ALTOGETHER PLEASANT: BRUSHWOOD SHOTS COLONEL J. YARDLEY INTO THE SPECTATORS AT CHELTENHAM DURING THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.



LORD HUGH GROSVENOR, UNCLE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER (LEFT), AND THE HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD, WIFE OF LORD DUDLEY'S THIRD BROTHER AT CHELTENHAM.



MAJOR COVENTRY, THE STARTER, "TOWING" H. BLETSOE BACK TO THE PADDOCK AFTER A FALL AT CHELTENHAM.



THE EARL OF COVENTRY AND MR. SAM DARLING AT CHELTENHAM FOR THE NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

The National Hunt Steeplechase Meeting at Cheltenham last week showed a very interesting win in the National Hunt Steeplechase, in which Mr. H. F. Malcomson's War Duke won easily. Its owner bought War Duke as a foal, together with his yearling sister, for £50! At one time the animal's form was so bad that Mr. Malcomson had serious thoughts of sending him to the kennels. The second day, the programme for which contained no fewer than four £1000 events, was

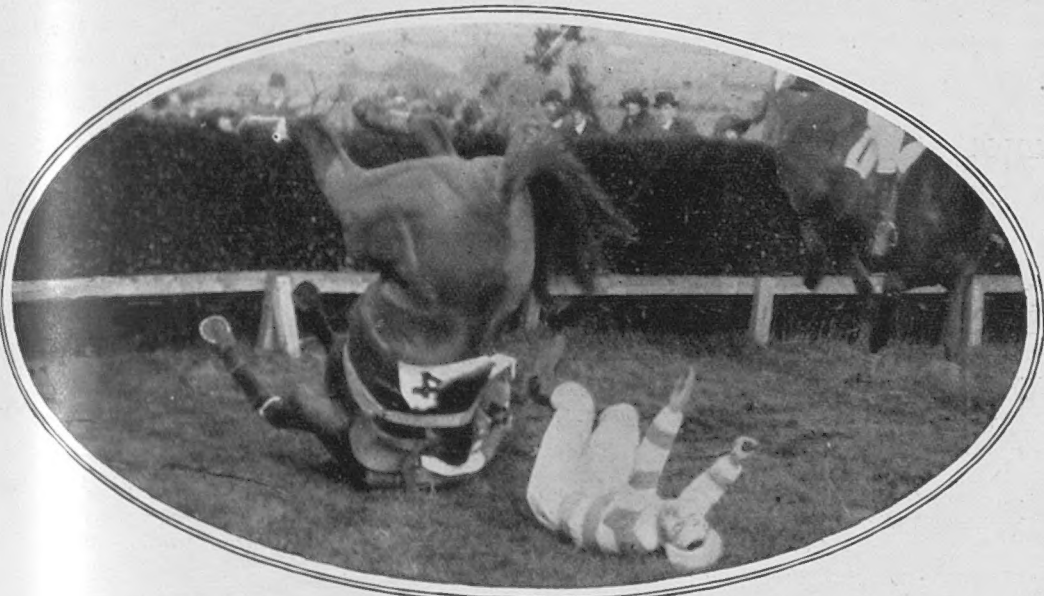
MEETING; THE WHADDON CHASE AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S.



THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND HER ELDEST SON, VISCOUNT EDNAM (STANDING), AT THE WHADDON CHASE AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S POINT-TO-POINTS.



THE EARL OF ORKNEY (ON THE RIGHT IN THE PHOTOGRAPH) WATCHING A RACE FROM THE JUDGE'S CART DURING THE WHADDON CHASE AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S POINT-TO-POINTS, WHICH TOOK PLACE AT HOGGESTON.



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A HORSE "SNAPPED" WHILE STANDING ON ITS HEAD: THE SECOND STAGE OF CROSS MY PALM'S FALL AT CHELTENHAM IN THE NATIONAL HUNT JUVENILE STEEPLECHASE.



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMDEN AND HER ONLY SON, THE EARL OF BRECKNOCK, AT HOGGESTON FOR THE WHADDON CHASE AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S POINT-TO-POINTS.



VISCOUNT VILLIERS, MRS. WEATHERBY, MR. WEATHERBY, AND VISCOUNTESS VILLIERS AT CHELTENHAM (LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE EARL OF SEFTON AND LADY BARBARA SMITH, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF COVENTRY, AT CHELTENHAM.



THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON AND THE HON. RICHARD MOLYNEUX, BROTHER OF LORD SEFTON, AT CHELTENHAM.

most notable, perhaps, for the fine hurdling form of Vermouth, which won the County Handicap Hurdle Race; while Lord Rosebery's Wrack remained unbeaten. Five out of six favourites came home, the only winning outsider being Red Coil in the National Hunt Handicap Steeplechase.—The Whaddon Chase and Lord Rothschild's Point-to-Point Steeplechases also took place last week, at Hoggston, Bucks.—[Photographs by Topical, Sport and General, Illustrations Bureau, and C.N.]

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THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Marcelle the Lovable. Auguste Maquet. 6s.
(Greening.)
The Path to Honour. Sydney C. Grier. 1s. net.
(Blackwood.)
The Strong Heart. A. R. Goring-Thomas.
10s. 6d. net. (Bodley Head.)
The Whip. Richard Parker. 6s.
(Holden and Hardingham.)
The Purple Light. Buchan Landor. 6s.
(Holden and Hardingham.)
The Bridge. Mark Somers. 6s.
(Fisher Unwin.)
The Crimson Honeymoon. Headon Hill. 6s.
(Ward, Lock.)
Blacklaw. Sir George Makgill. 6s. (Methuen.)
Monksbridge. John Ayscough. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
In Search of a Husband. Corra Harris. 6s.
(Grant Richards.)
Children of the Dead End. Patrick Macgill. 6s.
(Herbert Jenkins.)
Queed. H. S. Harrison. 1s. net. (Constable.)
The Corner of Harley Street. Peter Harding.
M.D. 1s. net. (Constable.)
The Grass Widow. Dorothea Gerard. 7d. net.
(Long.)
The Girl in Grey. Curtis Yorke. 7d. net.
(Long.)
Potter and Clay. Mrs. Stanley Wrench. 6s.
(Methuen.)
A Crooked Mile. Oliver Onions. 6s.
(Methuen.)
On the Staircase. Frank Swinnerton. 6s.
(Methuen.)
The Reconnaissance. Gordon Gardiner. 6s.
(Chapman and Hall.)
And Afterwards the Judgment. Richard Catt.
6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Progress of Prudence. W. F. Hewer. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
The Folk of Furry Farm. K. F. Purdon. 6s.
(Nisbet.)
Oh, Mr. Bidgood! Peter Blundell.
(Bodley Head.)
Salad Days. 6s. (Long.)

FICTION (Continued).—

The Day of Days. Louis J. Vance. 6s.
(Grant Richards.)
The Ransom for London. J. S. Fletcher. 6s.
(Long.)
Una and the Lions. Constance Smedley. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
When Ghost Meets Ghost. William De Morgan.
6s. (Heinemann.)
The Twin Soul of O' Také San. Baroness Albert
d'Anethan. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
The Split Peas. Headon Hill. 6s.
(Stanley Paul.)
War. W. Douglas Newton. 2s. (Methuen.)
Love in a Thirsty Land. A. C. Inchbold. 6s.
(Chatto and Windus.)
The Sheep Track. N. H. Webster. 6s. (Murray.)
Ten-Minute Stories. Algernon Blackwood. 6s.
(Murray.)
Limelight. Horace Wyndham. 6s.
(John Richmond.)
Barbed Wire. E. Everett Green. 6s.
(Stanley Paul.)
Burnt Flax. Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s.
(Mills and Boon.)
A Lady and Her Husband. Amber Reeves. 6s.
(Heinemann.)
Dodo. E. F. Benson. 7d. net. (Methuen.)
The Sea Captain. H. C. Bailey. 6s.
(Methuen.)
Halfway House. Maurice Hewlett. 1s. net.
(Macmillan.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Real Mexico. Hamilton Fyfe. 6s. net.
(Heinemann.)
Hail and Farewell—Vale. George Moore. 6s.
(Heinemann.)
The Inventors' and Patenters' Year-Book, 1914.
William H. Taylor. 7s. 6d. net.
(Dexter Press.)
The Life of King George of Greece. Captain
Walter Christmas. 15s. net. (Nash.)
The Foundations of International Policy. Norman
Angell. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Land and the Politicians. Harman Grisewood
and Ellis Robins. 1s. net. (Duckworth.)

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
Photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect.
The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of
each photograph submitted and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
photographs of interesting Society people (snapshots or "Studio" portraits),
beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any
used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

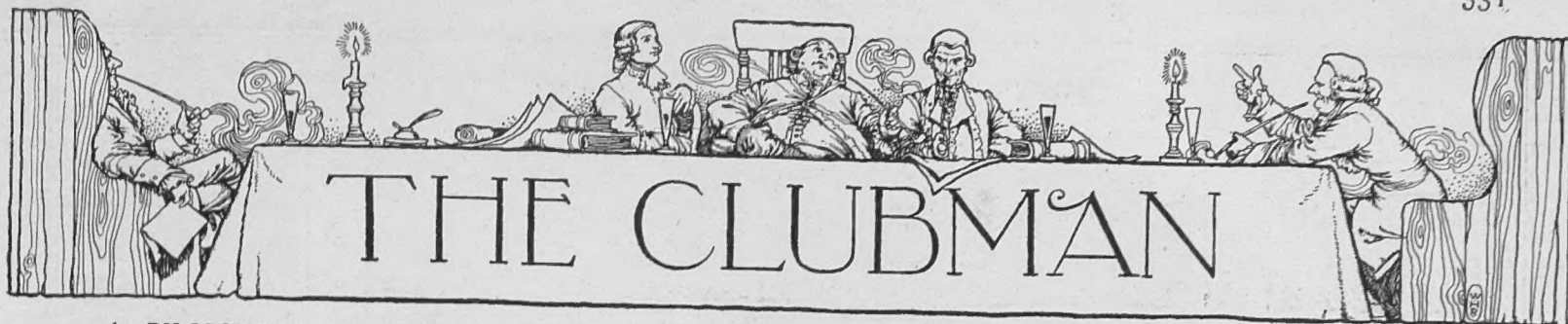
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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A PILGRIMAGE IN A CITY LOOKING FOR TROUBLE: THE CATALAN CHARACTER IN BARCELONA.

An Unwilling Pilgrim.

When, on a sunshiny morning in Barcelona, I determined that it was an ideal day on which to go out to the Tibidabo, the big hill that looks down on Barcelona, I had no idea that I had chosen the Feast of San Mateu for my excursion, or that there was on the mountain a shrine and monastery dedicated to (the great apostle). And, rather unwillingly, I found myself for part of the day taking part in a pilgrimage at reduced rates. I wondered at the number of women and children who crowded into the tramcar at the Plaza Cataluna (the great square) all carrying provisions of some sort—a great flat loaf in a handkerchief, or baskets, or bottles sewn into a leather covering; but before we had gone far up the big avenue which leads up towards the mountain, I found out the cause.

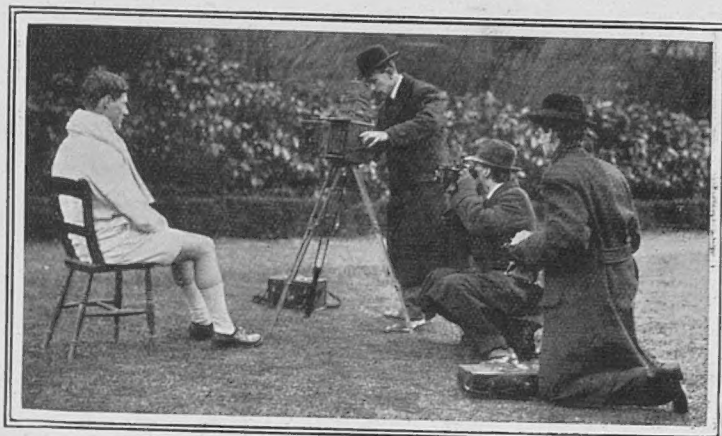
The Procession.

There were drawn up in the avenue many carriages, decorated with boughs of trees and paper roses; they were drawn by teams of four or six horses, each with a plume of coloured feathers on its head, and in them were many young men. Before the carriages were horsemen carrying banners, their steeds having over their necks and quarters nets of coloured silk and gold lace. In the narrow streets of the suburbs all the women and children were abroad laughing and talking, confetti and serpentines were being thrown, there was a block of tramcars and country carts filled with children, mounted police with dancing plumes on long-tailed chargers were trying to get the centre of the road clear, and in most of the by-streets were processions like the one we had passed, mounted trumpeters making as much noise as possible.

A Catalan Crowd.

When, after a change of tramcars, I came to the lower station of the funicular railway that runs for three-quarters of a mile to the top of the Tibidabo Railway, I found that there was a queue a hundred yards long of people waiting their turn for the cars, and as there was no other way of making the ascent except by walking, I took my place in the queue, and was three-quarters of an hour before I squeezed into the station and found standing room in a car. But I did not regret this three-quarters of an hour, for I saw more of the nature of the Catalans in that time than during the rest of the week I spent in Barcelona. I had seen on the previous Sunday at a bull-fight how cruel a Catalan crowd could be, how it rejoiced in the killing of the horses, and how it yelled and whistled at a toreador whose hand was not sure when he faced the bull; but these were apparently

different people. The brown-faced, clean-shaved, wrinkled men laughed and joked, everybody made way for the women and the children, all the jostling and squeezing was borne in the best of spirit, and but for the difference of the language I should have thought that I was in the midst of an Irish crowd going to a fair.



ORDEAL BY CAMERA: A MEMBER OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW TRYING TO KEEP SMILING—AFTER HAVING BEEN "SHOT AT" MANY TIMES.

Photograph by C.N.

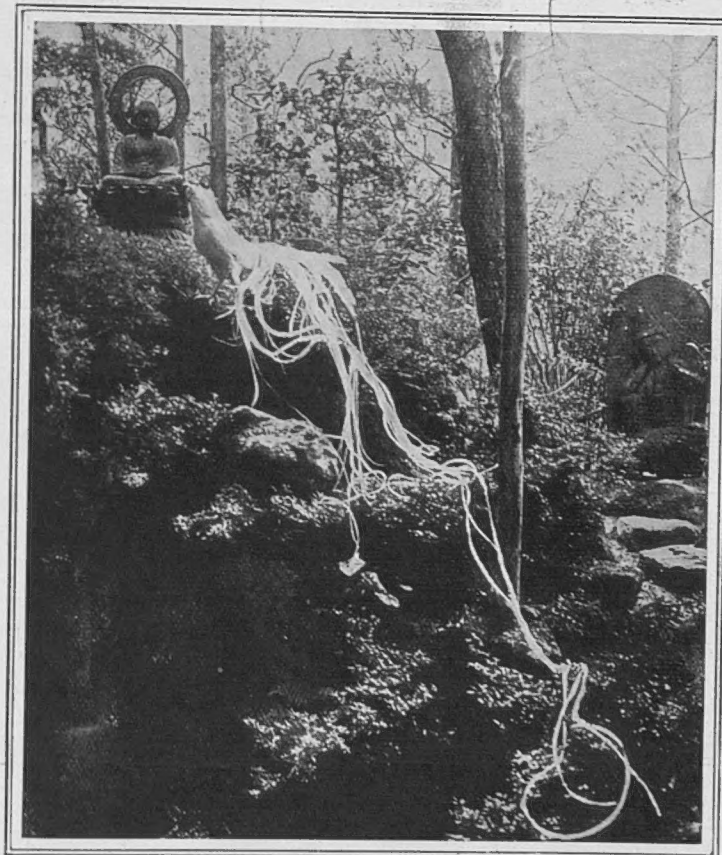
the top of Tibidabo is wonderful. In front lie Barcelona and its surrounding villages, like a map; beyond, the blue Mediterranean, and on the horizon, upstanding very faintly, the snowy peaks of the Balearic Islands, their bases invisible.

Barcelona Ready for Trouble.

I brought away with me from Barcelona the impression of a city in which trouble is looked for at any time of the day or night. The streets are patrolled as though riots were in progress. At all important junctions of streets two or four men of the Guardia Civil sit on their horses, and patrols, mounted and on foot, of this Guard and of the police move continually about the city. In the broad avenue of the Marques de Douro, where are the cafés and music-halls to which the sailors and the workmen go, there is a great show of armed men. I could hardly at first believe that I was in a peaceful city.

The Spanish Army.

Whether the regiments quartered at Barcelona are crack ones I do not know, but certainly the bearing and appearance of the Spanish soldier of to-day is very different from that of the men after the disheartening experiences of the Cuban War. I am told that the Spanish successes in the war against the Moors have restored its pride to the Spanish army, and men who have been under fire lately with Spanish troops tell me they behave very well. Certainly the cavalry regiment at Barcelona, in its blue dolmans trimmed with lambskin, looks very smart and is well horsed, and the men of the Engineers and Artillery bear themselves like soldiers and wear well-fitting uniforms. The Spanish army will soon once again be a valuable pawn in the game of world-politics.



EIGHTEEN-FOOT TAIL-FEATHERS! A ROOSTER WHICH HAS TO LIVE IN A HIGH, NARROW CAGE.

The correspondent who supplied this photograph writes: "In Shikoku, on the Island of Shikoku, Japan, long before the theory of evolution had been heard of, the natives undertook to breed roosters with one aim—the lengthening of the tail-feathers of the ordinary barnyard cock. By patient selection of a breed of fowls (the hens of which sometimes have tail-feathers eight inches long), continued through a hundred years, the rooster which is pictured here has tail-feathers which measure eighteen feet in length. Naturally, in breeding roosters with such long tails, it is necessary to confine them in very close quarters, so that it will be impossible for the feathers to wear out or moult. The fowl is therefore placed in a narrow cage, so narrow that he cannot turn round in it. Once every day or two he is taken out and allowed to stretch his legs, under the careful surveillance of an attendant. To keep his plumage in good shape, from time to time he is given a bath and carefully dried after it. Through this careful and well-planned routine the cock lives out its allotted span of life, which authorities say is from eight to nine years. The rooster seen in the photograph is the property of Matsuzawa, a dealer in antiques, at the famous mountain resort, Miyanosita, on the Island of Shikoku."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE HON. J. N. MANNERS—FOR SHOWING THAT MANNERS MAKETH THE BETTER MAN IN THE ARMY RACQUETS.



THE POTTO—FOR PREFERRING A POTTO JAM OR MARMALADE TO CAT'S-MEAT, AND LIKING MELONS AND MONOGAMY.

The Army Singles Racquets Championship was won by the Hon. J. N. Manners, elder son and heir of Lord Manners.—The new animal at the "Zoo," called the Potto, from East Africa, enjoys a diet of jam, marmalade, gum, and melons, and is a strict vegetarian and monogamist. He is about the size of a cat.—Mr. Balfour has been playing in the lawn-tennis tournament at Nice as partner

to the champion, Mr. A. F. Wilding. A newspaper report gave details of his costume: "Mr. Balfour played in brown leather shoes with thick rubber soles and wore a long white silk tie.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Berridge, and C.N.]



MR. BALFOUR—FOR HAVING NICE MATERIAL FOR A LECTURE ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE RUBBER SOLE.



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE—FOR GETTING ANOTHER ORGANIST TO PLAY THE WEDDING MARCH FOR THE THIRD TIME.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the well-known organist of Westminster Abbey, is engaged to Miss Marjory Wood. He has been twice married before, and twice left a widower.—Mrs. Neville Lytton, sister-in-law of Lord Lytton, recently caused a flutter in the Raquet Club at Philadelphia by playing on its courts, at the invitation of some members. She was the first woman ever seen there, and it is said that civil war has broken out in the club in consequence.—When Lord



THE HON. MRS. NEVILLE LYTTON—FOR MAKING BROTHERLY LOVE CEASE TO CONTINUE IN A PHILADELPHIAN CLUB.



LORD DERBY—FOR BEING AS WELL UP IN THE HISTORY OF LORD ROSEBERY'S DERBYS AS IN THAT OF HIS OWN.

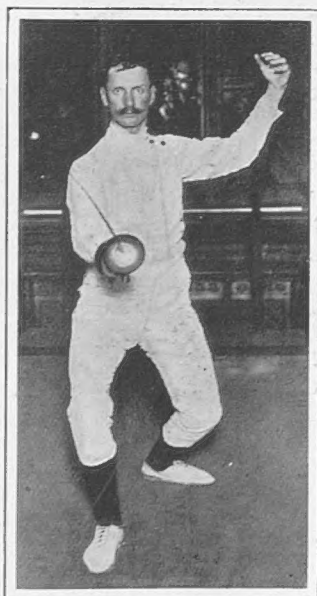


MRS. LEVERSON—FOR PUTTING A FEATHER IN HER CAP BY CREATING HER OWN "BIRD OF PARADISE."

Newton moved the second reading of his Betting Bill in the Lords he remarked that Lord Rosebery had won four or five Derbys. Lord Derby at once put him right with "Only three." The Derby was instituted by the 12th Earl of Derby in 1780. Mrs. Levenson, the novelist, has just had a new book, "Bird of Paradise," published.—Sir Ian Colquhoun, has retained his title of Light-Weight Champion of the Army.—[Photos, by Lafayette, Winter, Rita Martin, and Lafayette, Dublin.]

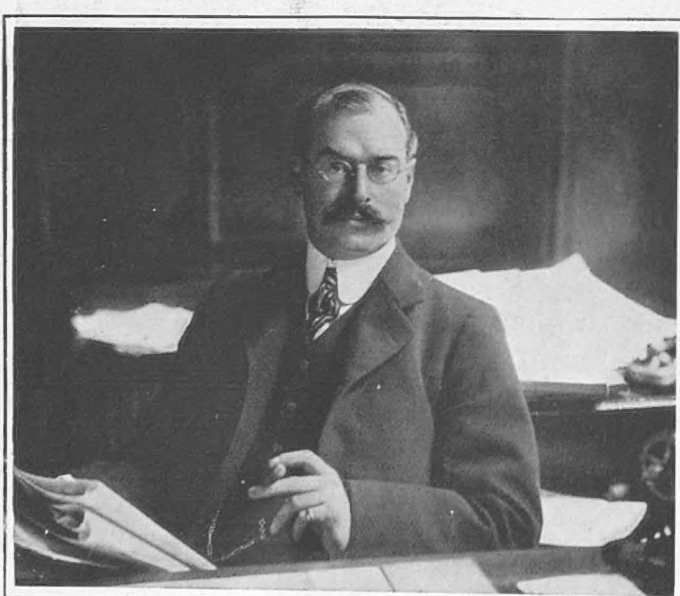


SIR IAN COLQUHOUN—FOR SHOWING THAT THE COLQUHOUN SKULL WAS THE HARDEST IN THE ARMY LIGHT-WEIGHTS.



MR. R. M. P. WILLOUGHBY—FOR BEING A CHAMPION SWORD-FISH WHEN HE GETS INTO A POOL.

In the final pool of the Amateur Foils Championship, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Mr. R. M. P. Willoughby, of the Sword Club, came out the winner.—Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the well-known newspaper-proprietor, has done a great deal to establish the new premises of the National Institute for the Blind, which the King and Queen have arranged to open on the 19th. Mr. Pearson's own sight is



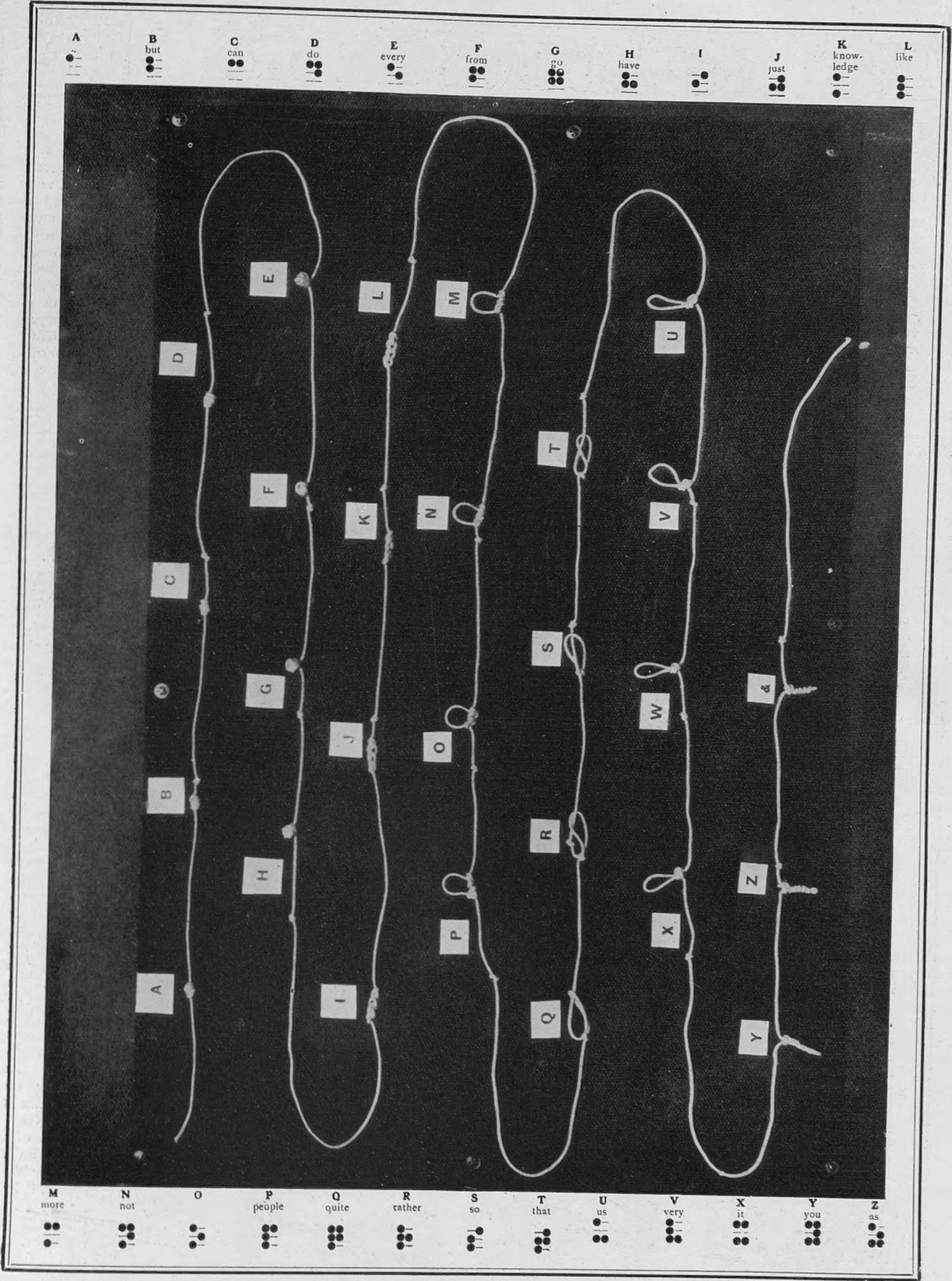
MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON—FOR HIS EXCELLENT WORK IN SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND, FOR PROVIDING BRAILLE LITERATURE FOR THE SIGHTLESS POOR.

failing and he cannot now read. The Institute provides Braille books for the blind poor unable to afford them.—In a recent golf match between the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and the Royal Wimbledon Club, Mr. C. Gardiner Hill (Wimbledon), did six successive holes in a total of 20. He beat Mr. Darwin by 3 and 1.—[Photographs by Sport and General, and Mills.]



MR. C. G. HILL—FOR TEACHING MR. DARWIN THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST—AT GOLF.

STRING KNOTS IN WHICH PERU'S HISTORY WAS WRITTEN.



FOR READING BY TOUCH LONG BEFORE THE BRAILLE METHOD WAS KNOWN: A STRING ALPHABET FROM OLD PERU—A DIFFERENT FORM OF KNOT FOR EACH LETTER.

The photograph given above is of peculiar interest at the moment; for to-morrow (Thursday, 19th) the King is to open the new buildings of the National Institute for the Blind, in Great Portland Street, for which, by the way, funds are urgently needed. It shows an ingenious string alphabetical record, which, long ago, was used by the sightless in Peru. Different forms of knots in the string represent

different letters, and the blind man was able to read by running the string through his fingers. The history of Peru was "written" on a string record long before the discovery of America by the Spaniards. Printing in relief on paper superseded this quaint method. The Braille system of embossing is regarded as the best, and is most used. Its alphabet is given above and below the photograph.



THE GREAT WHITE DRAMA: A LINGERIE DEPARTMENT OF THE MODERN STAGE.

The Lingerie Drama.

A frantic advertisement of a "Great White Sale" caused me to ask the angels who condescend to honour my hearth what they are—tell me more than I was told. A thought of the great white sales came into my mind whilst looking at Mr. Cyril Harcourt's new play, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," given at the "Cri."—once famous as the home of naughty farces—for it has a strong flavour of lingerie. Indeed, we are now busy establishing a kind of lingerie department in drama. How well I remember, scores of years ago, when I was a pretty boy still at Charterhouse—here is a chance for our young Artist to draw something really agreeable—there was a family discussion as to whether I might be taken to see "Fra Diavolo." "You must remember," said a beautiful aunt of mine—alas! no more—"that the bedroom scene may put ideas into the boy's head"; and somebody answered that "I was too young for such nonsense," and so on. Never mind whether Zerlina's *déshabille* did put ideas into my head—I think they lacked them at that age. The classic example of the undressing scene, in reputable drama, came much later in "The Gay Lord Quex," which was "a bit thick," if I may quote from Fitzgerald's matchless translation of the immortal Omar Khayyam. After that the music-halls took up the business, and overdid it. Musical comedy has had a look-in, and now we have a farce at one theatre, and comedies at two others, where an undressing scene is the *clou* of the piece—to say nothing of the going-to-bed business in "A Pair of Silk Stockings." However, that sort of thing does not put any idea into this old boy's head—as anybody can see by reading this article—and I confess to a feeling that this lingerie job is overdone. When I remember the howl about a little business with a stocking in "A Doll's House," and think that now we can watch a lady pulling them off sitting close to the footlights, I can only say, "Autre temps autres bas." Still, I have no doubt that in a serious drama by one of those dreadful modern people who want to improve the world, we should not be allowed to see anything of the kind: "There is one law for the frivolous and another for the serious," saith the Censor, and of course he knows, since he makes the laws.

The Interregnum.

The position of the lady who has got a decree nisi not yet absolute is curious: neither maid, wife, widow, divorced, divorcée, nor good red herring, as the saying is. During a period of six months, occasionally shortened in order that some ill-starred child may be legitimised, there is a kind of

locus penitentiae. Mr. Harcourt's play turns upon an adventure of Mrs. Thornhill during this interregnum which involved the presence in her bed-chamber, late at night, of her naughty half-husband, disguised as old Eccles, and mistaken for a burglar, and of the gallant Major Bagnal—he was not really "gallant," but no journalist can help using the phrase when speaking of a military gent. The husband had not really been unfaithful, but had merely pretended to be in order to annoy his wife, and the Court did not believe his story. Mrs. Thornhill had a large heart, with what may be called water-tight compartments: she was fond of the Major, and allowed him a long, passionate embrace under circumstances that would have quite satisfied the Divorce Court as to their conduct, but she allowed him nothing else, for her heart was true to her husband—to whom, of course, she got re-united in the last act; and I expect they grumbled horribly over the cost of the wasted divorce proceedings, and probably had the costs taxed. And the Major married his young, pretty fiancée, whom he did not love, and she was told nothing about that passionate, long embrace in the bedroom, and probably found little happiness in his shop-soiled love.

The Acting.

However, one ought not to analyse too closely these cynical, flippant plays, which are merely meant to amuse, and do not pretend to present real human beings; our dramatists used to write them rather more skilfully in the days when our King was in the Navy, and work up the situations to greater effect; but Mr. Cyril Harcourt has plenty of wit, if a trifle forced, and a rich knowledge of stage business, and knows how to play into the hands of the company, so the piece rattles along, the audience often laughs, sometimes gasps, is a little thrilled occasionally, applauds handsomely, knows that it has had a good time, and fancies, quite wrongly, that "A Pair of Silk Stockings" is a modern comedy. The success of the evening comes to Mr. Sam Sothern, who gives a droll picture of the husband, an amorous "rotter" whose speech is brimful of slang: he certainly plays the part with a great deal of skill, and it fits him perfectly. My chief pleasure came from the performance of Miss Ellen O'Malley,



BIFFED BY THE NEWS THAT HIS WIFE STILL LOVES HIM: MR. SAM SOTHERN AS SAM THORNHILL, AND MISS ELLEN O'MALLEY AS IRENE MAITLAND, IN "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," AT THE CRITERION.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



HUBBY PLAYS THE TOO-ENTERPRISING BURGLAR IN THE BEDROOM SCENE OF "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS": MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS MAJOR BAGNAL, MR. SAM SOTHERN AS SAM THORNHILL, AND MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

a petticoat philosopher hopelessly in love with the Major, for she acted charmingly, with a nice sense of humour and delicate touch of pathos. Miss Marie Hemingway plays quite prettily as the ingénue. Miss Lottie Venne disputes the palm with Mr. Sothern by her able, broadly comic work as a censorious hostess. Miss Enid Bell is a little too heavy as Mrs. Thornhill. The Major is quite tactfully handled by Mr. Allan Aynesworth.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS."



THE PLAY THAT TURNS ON THE HOSE: MOLLY AND THE MAJOR, AND HUBBY AND THE BURGLAR, IN THE NEW CRITERION PIECE.

Mr. Cyril Harcourt's new play, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," is proving a draw at the Criterion. The plot turns, not only on the hose, but on the fact that the heroine's husband, divorced under a misapprehension, seeks reconciliation with his wife, and is taken for a burglar, in her bedroom, by a sentimental Major who happens to be there too.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON.

WHETHER he is marrying a daughter or perturbing St. Martin's Le Grand with fresh demands, Sir John is always beaming. But it was at the wedding last week that the rarity of the man, of his personality, was brought home with new force upon a scribbling friend. To one who had been spending a whole week of days among professional politicians, all schooled in the careful ways of office, but showing without exception the lines of anxiety and concealment, Sir John's laugh, the shake—or hug—of his comprehensive hand, and the very bulk of a man so full of kindliness, were infinitely refreshing.

Cake or the Muses. Sir John, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Heaton, R.E., was born in Rochester; after a course at Kent House Grammar School and King's College, he turned to Australia, to agriculture, and to journalism. In all enterprises he prospered so greatly that at one time he could boast that he held £3,000,000 in his own name, and several newspapers. His marriage with Miss Bennett perpetuates his connection with the Australian Press, for her family founded and maintains a great Sydney organ. His son's marriage, some years ago, to Miss Burrell, a granddaughter of the late Lord Gwydyr, connects him, also, with the literature of England and with Swinburne. But the verses I heard Sir John reciting to a group of wedding guests last week were not, I believe, by the family poet. There was no time to make sure of them, for Sir John, seeing they meant nothing to his dowagers, plied the latter with cake instead of completing his quotation.

The Inevitable. Postmasters-General come and go, "H. H." goes on for ever. They arrive in admirable trim, each full of confidence that he will be the true instrument of progress and reform. Even Lord Rosebery was innocent enough to think that he had discovered in the particular P.M.G. of his choice the man who would and could give effect to Henniker Heaton's suggestions. "I sounded him when we were both on the way to Osborne to receive the seals of office," wrote Lord Rosebery to H. H. in old days; "it seems to me that your wishes and mine will be realised." Little he knew how helpless his man would be in the hands of his officials. But Henniker Heaton knew.

Imperial Triumph. The great event happened on July 12, 1898. Imperial Penny Postage was carried by seven votes to five at the London Conference on that day. One of the delegates made straight for the House of Commons to tell Heaton the news that he had won. "I hardly slept that night," he remembers, and at five o'clock a copy of the *Times*, confirming the news, was sent hot from Printing House Square to his bedside. At luncheon at the Carlton Club the Duke of Norfolk, who had previously been officially opposed to him, crossed the floor to shake hands with the conqueror. On that day, too, he received popular, as well as, ducal recognition. When he called a cab to take him home, and

was about to give his address to the driver, that worthy interrupted him with—"I know, Sir; same name as yourself; Eaton Square!"

The Man of Letters. By an irony of fate, Australia, Sir John's own continent, held out against the penny rate, but on March 25, 1905, Lord Stanley wrote: "Dear Henniker Heaton,—I cannot allow the bald statement which will appear in Monday's papers, to the effect that a penny postage rate is to come into force with Australia on April 1, to be the first announcement

to you of the fulfilment of one of your postal dreams. You have worked for this reform with untiring energy, and I am glad to think that I am the first, though I certainly shall not be the last, to congratulate you." There was no April fooling about that, and Sir John at once sat down before a sheet of the familiar House of Commons quarto note-paper to make a handsome return of compliments. "You have forged the last link in the chain of Empire," he wrote; "you have thrown the mantle of Imperial unity over the shoulders of the Sovereign. You have struck the 'Lost Chord' in the Imperial Symphony, and one grand, perfect chorus ascends over land and sea." These sentences illustrate a characteristic manner, but Sir John has used the Penny Post to even better advantage. No documents in the world make friendlier reading than Sir John's personal correspondence.

The Genuine Havannah or Sir John? Obviously, he has cost the Postmasters-General more sleepless nights than any man alive; and his own hours of vigil after the announcement of his greatest triumph served only to give him time to plan a fresh series of onslaughts on officialdom. In the year following the inclusion of Australia in the Imperial scheme he extended his activities to Universal Penny Postage. At that time it was Mr. Sydney Buxton who received his attentions and was given no loophole of escape. In proposing the penny rate between England and America, Sir John was able to tell the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he would place in his hands a bank guarantee, "bearing names honoured on every Exchange," for the amount of the proved loss during the first three years' working of the reduced rating. Heaton, moreover, had the American Postmaster-General and public opinion behind him. Mr. Sydney Buxton and the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not, at the time, "see their way to accept his offer." But within two years the thing was done; and now Sir John is all intent on France. What Postmaster-General can evade him? Evasion always fails, though always tried. If it succeeds in the House, it melts away in private. "I have known," says Sir John, "an Administrative Chief, so 'stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,' at his desk, prove the most reasonable of men over a bottle of Moët and Chandon, or an after-dinner cup of coffee and a genuine Havannah." We prefer to give the credit to the genuineness of Sir John.



SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON, Bt.

Sir John Henniker Heaton, first Baronet, was born on May 18, 1848, son of Lieutenant-Colonel John Heaton, by Elizabeth Anne, only daughter of John Henniker, of Rochester. In 1865, he went to Australia and engaged first in pastoral pursuits, then in newspaper work. The positions he has held include: Government Commissioner for New South Wales at the Amsterdam Exhibition, 1883; Delegate to the British Government for the People of Mauritius to obtain Reform of Constitution, 1884; Government of Tasmania Representative at the International Cable Conference at Berlin, 1885; Government Commissioner for New South Wales at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London, 1886; and M.P. for Canterbury from 1885 to 1910. He has been instrumental in carrying a large number of postal reforms. He declined a K.C.M.G. four times. In 1873, he married Rose, only daughter of the late Samuel Bennett, of Mundarrah Towers, Sydney.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

TO SELL TO A SELKIRK: DO YOU WANT A CRUSOE ISLAND?



1. DESIGNED AND BUILT BY ITS OWNER, AND LIT WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT :
MR. WILDE'S HOUSE ON GREAT WHALE CAY—FROM THE EAST.
3. FOR TREATMENT OF GRASS USED IN MAKING HEMP : THE SISAL FACTORY.
5. YIELDING OVER £100 A YEAR : A 200-ACRE SISAL PLANTATION.

Anyone who wants to emulate Robinson Crusoe or his historical prototype, Alexander Selkirk, and be "monarch of all he surveys" on a tropical island, has now an opportunity to gratify his ambitions. The island of Great Whale Cay, in the Bahamas, with four small islets—Little Whale Cay, Pigeon Cay, Gaulding Cay, and Vigilant Cay—is for sale at the price of £4000. This includes the house shown in the photographs, coconut plantations with 4000 trees, sisal plantations, a factory and workshop with

2. MR. WILDE'S HOUSE ON THE ISLAND—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.
4. THE VIEW FROM THE DINING-ROOM—55 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.
6. PART OF A PLANTATION WHICH WILL DOUBLE ITS PRESENT OUTPUT :
A GROVE 3½ YEARS OLD.

fibre-extracting machinery, and twelve wooden houses for labourers—the whole caboodle, in fact, except a 15-ton motor-yacht, which can be bought separately. The present owner, Mr. Wilde, who recently arrived in London, has just got a Government post in Africa. He bought the island from the Crown nine years ago, and took his young wife there. They developed it entirely, with the help of mulatto labour, and have lived on it ever since with their two children born there. The climate is described as delightful.

Photographs by Courtesy of the Colonial Exchange and Land Agency, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W., who are offering the property for sale.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE idea, prevalent last week, that the nation paid for the Rokeby "Venus" was, of course, inaccurate. The nation never liked the picture well enough to give £45,000 for it, either through a special Parliamentary Grant, or piecemeal by subscription. When the National Art Collections' Fund appealed for money, the response, as far as the public was concerned, fell very flat, and at one time there seemed no chance of raising the vast sum required. At the last moment, an anonymous subscription of many thousands of pounds saved the situation. There were many guesses as to the identity of that subscriber, but it is doubtful if more than half-a-dozen people guessed right, and certainly

not more than half-a-dozen saw the signature on the eventful cheque. By the irony of fate, the benefactor who secured the "Venus" for the nation is a supporter of the movement which has resulted in its partial destruction.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN E. H. STOCKER: MISS VIOLET CLAYTON.

Miss Clayton is the daughter of the late Captain J. W. Clayton, 13th Hussars, of 14, Portman Square, and Bognor. Captain Stocker, of the 13th Hussars, is the youngest son of the late Dr. Alonzo H. Stocker.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

other mortals, have their favourite pictures; and though the "Venus," on account of its price and importance, demands his respectful regard, it is not one of the real favourites. When he takes a Prince or a President round the Galleries, it is a picture that requires one of the longest pauses; but nobody has ever heard the Director wax enthusiastic over it in the franker atmosphere of the smoking-room or home.

Venus and Lady Holroyd.

Sir Charles Holroyd may have more than one reason for the coldness of his feeling towards the damaged "Venus." To the uncomfortable impression that much of the paint is not worthy of Velasquez there is added the certainty that the handling of certain passages, whoever painted them, is unsatisfactory. Moreover, the Venus herself is far from lovely; her face in the mirror is squat and unamiable. Sir Charles can hardly pretend that it satisfies his ideal. There is evidence against him. For a complete contrast to the



ENGAGED TO MR. LATON FREWEN: MISS PHYLLIS AUDREY EARLE.

Miss Earle is the only child of Sir Henry Earle, Bt., D.S.O., third holder of the title, and a distinguished soldier, and Lady Earle, of Norton Lodge, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Mr. Laton Frewen, late of the 60th Rifles, is the eldest son of Colonel Stephen Frewen, of Sigston Castle and Winton, Yorkshire, and Charlton Musgrove, Somerset.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Admiration in Two Capacities.

In his official capacity of Director, Sir Charles

Holroyd was the most perturbed man in London on the day of the slashing at the National Gallery. Officially, it was as if an earthquake had rumbled through Trafalgar Square. But personally Sir Charles's feelings were not greatly overwrought. Directors, like

void of the clothes interest. And so, too, is the picture the Secretary once told me was Sir Edward Poynter's National Gallery favourite — a little portrait of a white horse by George Stubbs!

A Romance of Poets' Corner.

Major Porter and Miss Henniker-Heaton, whose marriage took place last week, had met originally as fellow-passengers on a long sea-voyage. At the end of it, they went their different ways and only found each other again in the Poets' Corner of an evening paper. Some verses by Miss Henniker-Heaton, printed in its columns, found their way out to the foreign station where Major Porter was serving. He answered them, also in rhyme, and through the same editor. The mutual approval of each other's verses recalled old meetings at sea. No prettier recognition ever took place at garden-party or rustic stile than this encounter in the columns of the Press.

Some modern brides face the altar with an athletic aspect and return gaily on the verge of a laugh. But now and then there is one who flickers between grave shyness and a sketchy smile. Nothing could become a bride better. And this was the final grace of the bride who came down the church to the music of her husband's composing. Major Porter is an admirer of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's graver poetry; and his fine setting of the "Recessional" was not too martial for a soldier's wedding.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN E. F. W. BARKER THIS WEEK: MISS ENID BOYCE.

Miss Boyce is the second daughter of Colonel E. J. G. Boyce, late Royal Engineers, and of Mrs. Boyce, of Hawley, Blackwater, Hants. Captain Barker, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, is the eldest son of Colonel Sir Francis Barker, and of Lady Barker, of Essex Lodge, Folkestone.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO MR. NOEL EDWARD BUXTON, M.P.: MISS LUCY EDITH PELHAM-BURN.

Miss Pelham-Burn is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Pelham-Burn, of Cliff House, Cromer.

Photograph by Gabell.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN W. L. KIRBY: MISS DORIS MONRO WALKER.

Miss Monro Walker is the elder daughter of Mr. J. Monro Walker, of Pell Wall, Market Drayton, Salop. Captain Kirby is in the 12th Royal Lancers.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO MISS LUCY EDITH PELHAM-BURN: MR. NOEL EDWARD BUXTON, M.P.

Mr. Noel Buxton, who is M.P. for North Norfolk, is the second son of Sir Fowell and Lady Victoria Buxton, of Warley, and 2, Prince's Gate.

Photograph by Swaine.

WHITE WITCHERY.



MODERN FORM IN NOVEL FORM: No. I.—A "KILL" AT THE MEET.

DRAWN BY ROBERTSON.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

SUCH little beginnings of scholarship as I ever had have long ago rusted themselves away, but I believe I am right in saying that the Greeks spoke of the nations who surrounded them as barbarians—using almost exactly the same word—not because they were necessarily barbarous as that epithet is understood to-day, but because they were not Greek, because they spoke a language very different from the clean logical Greek tongue; because, in fact, they were foreigners, "outsiders," and not Greeks. That point of view we are taught nowadays to despise as being insular, as being indeed the very thing we had wished to accuse other people of being, barbarous. No doubt our mentors have a little reason on their side. Philosophy should consider no frontiers. All the same, speaking for my single self, I do feel that there was much of value, much that made for vigour, in that Greek prejudice, and I should be truly sorry to see its counterpart fade from these islands of ours, even more sorry than I should be if numbers of our young intellectuals had not the exactly opposite pose, the pose of being of no nation, of wishing to belong to no race, of being as much French as English, as much Spanish as French. Let us have both kinds: the one may be held to shut ideas out (and what good did ideas ever do to an Englishman?); the other welcomes a new idea every Monday morning. They balance one another. After all, the Italian Futurists were, as a test of intelligent appreciation, no worse than Sir Edwin Landseer.

It is surely well for a man to be definitely convinced of his own worth, of his own and his city's, his nation's, superiority, to pride himself on his own accent, to be sure that his own way of dressing is the only proper way, and that the people who say "bath tub" when they should say "bath," wear brown boots with a silk hat and a pearl pin in the middle of the upper part of their ties are wanting in some spiritual grace, are in fact barbarians. So Londoners should feel. Just so is a Manchester man unworthy of his high estate if he is not quite clear in his own mind that what Lancashire thinks now the rest of England will think to-morrow, and that a Lancashire lad is worth two Londoners any day in the week. Such arrogances are normal, healthy, and, since they are constantly being corrected in the most unpleasant if salutary manner by

Boer farmer or breezy young American or French man of letters, make in the long run for vigour. There is no provincialism, you will tell me, like the provincialism of the Londoner. True, and of

course. We are all of us provincial to the other fellow, barbarians to the Frenchman, conceited, frigid, and even decadent to the Colonial. And we ought to be—or rather, that we give such impressions is in no way to be regretted. It is a sweetness in our nature that allows us to listen to all the criticisms that Australia, Canada, America visit upon our heads, and yet smile. It is possible that we may see something in the Colonial that irks us; we dislike, for instance, the American habit of expectoration—a habit that is not nearly as prevalent as it was, I believe—and yet where have you seen an Englishman really turn on his critics? I grant you that his smile may be construed into a smile of tolerant superiority. And why not?

THE ROYAL FLIGHT HOAX AT HENDON: THE "CROWN PRINCE OF WÜRTEMBERG" AS MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S PASSENGER.

Photograph by C.N.

Where should one go for the amenities of life and of manners if not to London, the centre of the Empire, where Englishmen have leisure to do the thing just as well as it can be done? Your Colonial will take only a few months to assimilate those habits of speech, of manner and of dress which now he thinks so trifling, so unworthy of a man's attention. By-and-by he too will think himself a Londoner. It would be better if he refused to change.

For a man should carry his sanctions in his own breast. Let each of us despise our fellows for their eccentricities, and yet cultivate our own. Let us have no traffic with diffidence, whether it be for our actual selves, for our families, our cities or our country. Let us allow that the women of France dress better than the women of any other nations and that its cooks cook better than any other cooks (when they can be induced to try), that Americans make the only cocktails, that the Germans make the best lager—but with those exceptions (and one or two others that this page is too short to detail) let us be sure that in these islands are the bravest men, the most beautiful women, the finest poets, the greatest painters, the most exquisite landscapes. And let us be certain that our way of doing things is better than any of the ways practised in the East or in the West. And, having as a nation made these matters clear to ourselves and beyond argument, let each city of our nation think itself superior, oh vastly superior, to each other city. National pride; civic spirit; individual conceit—how much better they are than diffidence, humility, cosmopolitanism.



THE "CROWN PRINCE OF WÜRTEMBERG" AND "LORD STANTON" (RIGHT): THE GERMAN AND THE ENGLISHMAN WHO "TOOK IN" MR. GRAHAME-WHITE AND VARIOUS SOCIETY PEOPLE.

A good many people have been much amused by a joke that was played the other day at the Hendon Aerodrome. Mr. Robert W. Gunter, posing as "Lord Stanton," introduced a German friend to Mr. Grahame-White as the "Crown Prince" of something ending in "berg," mumbling the words. So it was assumed that the "Crown Prince" in question was of "Württemberg." The pair lunched with a Peer and several Peeresses and a large party; and the "Prince" had a flight with Mr. Grahame-White. Invitations to various functions were extended by well-known Society people. Later, "Lord Stanton" gave a lunch to several of those concerned. Mr. Gunter was formerly a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. The "Prince" is the son of a German Court official. Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

"O Moments Big as Years!"



No. V.—WHEN WE FIND THAT CONTRARY TO OUR EXPECTATION, IT IS A "BOILED SHIRT" AFFAIR.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



VAMPIRES AND VENOMOUS VIRTUE. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

WE cannot choose our parents, nor the shape of our nose; but we should be allowed to choose the name we wish to be called by. It is hard on one to be called Blanche when one is naturally afflicted with an eternal jaundice. A good woman with a musical ear was said to have baptised her little girl Anæmia because, she declared "it was such a sweet-sounding name." So is Malaria; Angina is quite pretty, too, don't you think? But one should not abuse the helpless babes and call them names! We are so apt to sum up people by their syllables. Herminia has no business to be anything but a tall young white queen; Sylvia smells of the forest and wild flowers; a girl called Jane and who cannot cook is usurping our esteem under false pretences; Barbare should be bellicose and, if not bearded, should have at least a shadowy upper lip. Believe not in labels: my name means provoking, and yet I have never said "boo" to any man! Trust no titles: in Mr. Alfred Sutro's play there is very little charity and still less chastity! To call a play "The Two Virtues" is to deal in quantities, or rather, qualities non-existent; there is and always was *one* virtue only, and that is Understanding. All the other amiable tendencies which we call virtues—such as manners and morals—are but the off-shoots of understanding. To understand is to forgive *nothing*, because there is nothing to forgive! interesting as is Mr. Sutro's play, I am almost sorry it was not written entirely around Lady Milligan. It becomes monotonous to be told of the doings and the sayings of live people, men and women with a past and a present and a future, of sins that were "sweet in the sinning," of impulses and imprudences, of courage and cowardice, of goodness and badness, of creatures who breathed deeply and whose blood runs in their veins. Normal people are lovable, but they do not excite your curiosity. So much more interesting a subject would be a book or a play on "The Woman Who Never Does"; she who suspects, spies, and scratches, the malignant mummy, the sick who reviles health, the *aphone* who stops her ears not to hear the shouts of lusty voices, the virulently venomously virtuous who treats chastity as a virtue and an achievement, while it is merely a state and an accident. You are born cold-blooded and constant as you are born a *rhumatisant*; it is a pity, but it can be helped by a wise treatment. But it is difficult to cure sisterly hatred and the claws of sisterly cruelty. If not out of charity, yet at least out of sex vanity, a woman should try not to jump at the conclusion that any

other woman's influence is necessarily a bad influence. Neither is the effect, good or evil, of the inspiration derived from that other woman proportionate to the degree of goodness or badness of that woman. And—

not apropos of the Mrs. Guildfords of this world—some evil female may be the source of a masterpiece, while a good woman may effectively with her own pure hands put out for ever the fire of genius. Not all Egerias are angels. The result of feminine inspiration is not to be appraised by virtue or wickedness, but by stirring power. If a man can write better, or paint better, or act better, or think better on a glass of alcohol than on a glass of milk, let him then drink the "Water of Life." If a man happens to be an artist, it is not the man who counts, then, but his genius, not his welfare, but the



THE GONDOLIER—AS SEEN, PRESUMABLY IN THE FUTURE, BY THE FUTURIST SCULPTOR ARCHIPENKO.

This is one of the items of works by Futurists in the Salon des Indépendants, in Paris.

Photograph by Branger.



BOXING—AS SEEN, PRESUMABLY IN THE FUTURE, BY THE FUTURIST SCULPTOR ARCHIPENKO.

This is one of the items of works by Futurists in the Salon des Indépendants, in Paris.

Photograph by Branger.

benefit of the world. A Muse need not be a spiritual adviser; sufficient is it that she should be an incentive. Decayed leaves make a better planting-soil than pure snow. It matters not at what fire genius warms itself and bursts into being, the *éclosion* alone matters. It is said that behind every woman's achievement a tragedy lies hidden. Well, the fabric of every woman's masterpiece is woven with a woman's hair. It need not be a good woman's hair, it need not even be real hair—a blue wig will send some men into rapture—the rapture is what is needed. I do not believe in spiritual vampires. Woman is elemental, she is not fascinated by the man's brain, but by his brutal will.

If the artist counts more than the man, yet the artist must, before all, be a man, if his work is to be human; and a man for whom woman is not the principal thing in life (after food, of course) is not a man. And woman's presence need not be "soothing," as some old-fashioned poets used to sing, her guidance need not be "ennobling," she need not "shed light" nor "exude happiness"; indeed, a really happy man's thoughts turn—to the planting of cabbages—which any fool and a spade can do! It is not good for a genius to be happy. Peace and content fatten his *jougue*. All that is required of woman as a help to genius is that she should be a source of emotions, the cause of effort, the throb, the gasp, the spasm, the breath—Life.

LE STEP - PA QUI COÛTE !



THE PROFESSOR (*interviewing applicant for position of page-boy*): Well, young man, what is your name, where do you live, and what does your father do?
 THE APPLICANT: Tommy Tubb, Paradise Row, 'aint got no farver, only a step-farver.
 THE PROFESSOR: Well, what does your step-father do?
 THE APPLICANT: 'E 'aint done nothink, not since we've 'ad 'im.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON AND JANE WARTON: A MILITANT AND HUNGER-STRIKER.

The Courage of Lady Constance.

Lady Constance Lytton and Jane Warton—they are one and the same—may not bring many to a belief in militancy as an aid to winning votes for women; but, at least, she shows how earnest and how plucky the Suffragette may be—and, in her own case at all events—how fair she can be to those whom duty brings into conflict with her, in prisons and out of them.

In Prison for the First Time.

Lady Constance was "converted" to the principles of "Votes for Women" in the autumn of 1908; but as yet her attitude was of a negative order. Still she was wrestling with her old self—the self of the sheltered life. Then, one day, came her first real activity. In



Jane Warton

AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SHE WAS "JANE WARTON," THE MILITANT, AND WAS FORCIBLY FED: LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON.

Reproduced from "Prisons and Prisoners," by Courtesy of Mr. Heinemann.

(much marked with broad arrows), with flannel garments promised by the doctor.

The "V" Over the Heart.

Lady Constance—of the Second Division—was put in hospital, as her heart is affected. She was by no means in agreement, though Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was in similar case. She felt that this was too good, when the others had no such privilege. And she made up her mind that things should be altered. To this end, she made various protests by word and deed, and came to occupy a separate cell. Still she wished to be as the others, and began a strike. First, she knocked off all diet extras; then slept on a mattress on the floor,

to show that a plank bed would not hurt her; then decided to write "Votes for Women" on her body, scratching it in her skin with a needle, beginning over the heart and ending on her face. Of this she writes: "I proposed to show the first half of the inscription to the doctors, telling them that as I knew how much appearances were respected by officials, I thought it well to warn them that the last letter and a full-stop would come upon my cheek, and be still quite fresh and visible on the day of my release." She started with a hair-pin point polished and clean, and produced "a very fine V" over her heart. Fearing blood-poisoning from contact between the wounds and her clothes, she asked for lint and plaster: that betrayed her. Then the Governor had a great idea. He threatened: "If you go on like this we shall have to dismiss you from the prison altogether." That settled the matter. Lady Constance went back to hospital; from thence, weather permitting, to the cells, and associated labour represented by knitting and sewing; and so to release.

Lady Constance Becomes Jane Warton.

Now in Holloway Lady Constance came to the conclusion that she was privileged because her position in Society was known, and that her "heart" was merely an excuse for the leniency.

At Newcastle she pursued her militant policy by stone-throwing, and "did" a month in the Second Division. In prison there she began a hunger-strike, but was released on the third day. Then, still thinking that her status won her privilege, she became plain Jane Warton, disguised herself, took care to lose her identity, was militant at Liverpool, and was given a sentence of a fortnight in the Third Division, with the option of a fine.

Forcibly Fed.

In Walton Jail, "Jane Warton," hunger-striking, was forcibly fed. Her description proves her strength of will, for she was so fed several times, as she still refused to eat. She writes, of the first instance: "I offered no resistance to being placed in position, but lay down voluntarily on the plank bed. Two of the wardresses took hold of my arms, one held my head, and one my feet. One wardress helped to pour the food. . . . The doctor offered me the choice of a wooden or steel gag; he explained elaborately, as he did on most subsequent occasions, that the steel gag would hurt and the wooden one not, and he urged me not to force him to use the steel gag. But I did not speak nor open my mouth so that, after playing about for a moment or two with the wooden one, he finally had recourse to the steel. . . . My jaws were fastened wide apart. . . . Then he put down my throat a tube which seemed to me much too wide, and was something like four feet in length. The irritation of the tube was excessive. I choked the moment it touched my throat until it had got down. Then the food was poured in quickly; it made me sick a few seconds after it was down. . . ." There are other details. Such things women as determined and as courageous, spiritually and physically, as Lady Constance will do in the belief that by doing them they will gain the Vote.




AS SHE IS: LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON, SISTER OF THE EARL OF LYTTON, AND A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE.

Lady Constance, who was born in 1869, is the second of Lord Lytton's two sisters.

Photograph (by Holman and Paget) reproduced from "Prisons and Prisoners," by Courtesy of Mr. Heinemann.

* "Prisons and Prisoners: Some Personal Experiences by Constance Lytton and 'Jane Warton,' Spinster." (Heinemann; 3s. 6d. net.)

A FUTURIST RECIPE.




TAKE THE EFFORTS OF A CHRISTMASSY BILL-POSTER,



AND A ROOM LINOLEUMED BY FATHER,



INTRODUCE LITTLE BINKS OUT SHOPPING
WITH HIS WIFE,



CUPID AND PSYCHE

AND THERE YOU ARE!

NB. You need not use above title. You can call it anything you like without fear of contradiction.

DUDLEY BUXTON

A STUDY IN PAULO - POST - FUTURIST COMPOSITION : THE "SUPERIMPOSED " PROCESS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.



A Novel in a Nutshell

THE EXPOSURE OF RAMADAR SINGH.

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN.

CURTIS was poor—poor, that is, for the set he moved in. He had also, I fancy, the natural qualities of the born sycophant. On the Continent, he would have formed an admirable hanger-on at one of the smaller German courts. Destiny having given him birth in England, he found a fitting overlord in young Bryant.

Bryant was the only son of Jason Bryant, who was reputed to have cleared two hundred thousand in seven months at the height of the Rubber boom. Until then, father and son had been in the retail meat-trade somewhere down Rotherhithe way. Bryant the elder was no fool, but his ambition had clouded his judgment when he sent his son up to Oxford. Oxford, during the first year, sent young Bryant down again for an affair which was with difficulty kept out of the papers. Thereafter, father and son, each knowing the other well enough to avoid an open quarrel, met only at intervals. Young Bryant was given an indecently large allowance, and permitted to lead his own life.

It was a raw evening in early January when he and Curtis chanced upon the little corrugated-iron building in which an Indian, one Ramadar Singh, was advertised to give a lecture upon his own particular version of the Evolution Theory. Bryant had wandered down into his old haunts in search of amusement, and found none. It had begun to snow fitfully, and the gas-lit interior of the hall was at least dry and warm. There was to be a collection on behalf of the Movement at the close of the lecture. "Funds," said a handbill, in italics, "were urgently required."

They were almost the first to enter, and took seats in the front. There was a small platform (illuminated by a couple of badly placed incandescent lights) for the lecturer, then a space of perhaps ten feet, and then the lines of dingy rush-bottomed chairs which held the sparse and unenthusiastic audience.

Ramadar Singh came upon the platform through a curtained doorway in the rear, bowed, and began almost at once. He was a slightly-built, clean-shaven man, with keen eyes hidden by gold-rimmed glasses. He spoke in clipped but otherwise good English, and it was obvious from the first he was desperately in earnest. His theories—the theories of which he was the apostle, and which were presently to revolutionise the psychological and physiological world, were little more than a blend of other men's theories, but he contrived to suffuse them with his own passionate personality. Even the blasé young reporter of the *Rotherhithe Advertiser*, who came late, ceased to yawn over his note-book after the first twenty minutes.

Ramadar Singh insisted that the evolution of the body and soul from prehistoric types was not equally progressive. It was, he said, conceivable that in far-off ages there were elementary beings in which the soul—or intelligence, if you preferred the word—burnt with the fires of a Shakespeare or a Napoleon. Similarly, there were to-day men, ultra-civilised, the most polished products of their age, with souls scarcely ranking above those of the primitive brutes who had been their ancestors.

"There are moments," he told them, gesticulating, "when the brute in them tears through the tissue-paper swathings of tradition and training, and Civilisation stands appalled at deeds for which it can offer no explanation. . . ."

Thus far the lecture had proceeded upon more or less normal lines. It had been the expounding of a personal theory by an excitable and dusky gentleman in gold-rimmed spectacles to an audience of fifty or sixty stolid Englishmen, drawn chiefly from the artisan class. There had been some shuffling of feet, a little perfunctory applause. But it was at this stage that Bryant began the first of his interruptions—chuckles, sneers of dissent, half-interjected sentences. It was his idea of infusing a stupidly tame affair with a certain amount of excitement.

It was impossible for the Indian to avoid seeing him. Presently it became equally impossible to ignore him.

"You do not agree with me?" he asked, turning.

Bryant, grinning, shook his head. He had drawn blood at last. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Yet in my own country," said the Indian, "there are those who go much further—who will tell you that the Intelligence so dominates the body that a man, given a sufficiently powerful outward suggestion, becomes the true and living counterpart of his soul."

Bryant looked puzzled. He had no intention of dropping the attack, but was uncertain as to the direction in which to continue it. But Curtis, who was nimbler-witted, said—

"Meaning that a fellow with the soul of a buffalo would look like a buffalo?"

"Yes," said Ramadar Singh.

Bryant burst into a throaty laugh.

"I think," said the Indian, regarding him gravely, "that you are only trying to make me look foolish, and that you fail."

If Bryant had had any sense of decency at all, he would have left it at that. But he had not. The interruptions continued. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he became grossly offensive. Ramadar Singh, stating his willingness to answer any questions, brought the lecture to an abrupt end.

Thereupon Bryant stood up. He had been talking over matters in a whisper with Curtis.

"I want to know," he said, his voice echoing through the hall, "whether one of you occult bounders can tell a man's soul from his face?"

"Within limitations, yes. The thing is done, of course, chiefly through the eyes."

"What price me, then?"

"You?" said the Indian. His glance flickered over Bryant's personality. "You, Sir, possess the soul of an ape—the ape who was your physical ancestor a hundred thousand years ago."

Bryant had, of course, anticipated something of the sort. He glanced down at Curtis, grinning.

"Gave the nigger a chance of scorin' back a bit—what!" No doubt the thing did strike him in that light. "I suppose," he said, regarding the Indian, "that this—this Movement of yours, like the rest of 'em, is short of funds?"

"We are greatly hampered by our poverty, Sir."

"Then," said Bryant, "just listen for a moment. . . . I'm something of a record-breaker where subscriptions are concerned; but I believe in gettin' value for my money—savvy? So I'll draw a hundred in notes to-morrow, and give 'em to my friend here to hand over to you when you've proved your theory—in other words, when you've shown us that you can change me into some sort of likeness to my hairy and venerable ancestor who's mislaid his soul. Here's my card. . . . Come on, Jim!"

He and Curtis went out, arm-in-arm, into the raw and wind-swept street. The snow had ceased. It was as yet quite early—a little after six—and too near the holidays for the shops to have lost their Christmas brilliance. A touch of frost in the air infused it with a champagne quality which stimulated a latent sense of adventure. At the corner of the street, the two men, by common impulse, turned and looked back. The meagre audience had begun to leave the building; the Indian, after an interval, followed. For a moment they saw him standing under the lamp at the entrance, his eyes searching the street. Bryant jerked his companion into the shadow of a projecting doorway.

"He's lookin' for us," he said. "There's some rotten plot afoot. Did you see his face when I offered him the hundred? He'd commit murder to get it. Wait, and then follow."

They waited for perhaps five minutes—until the Indian, convinced that the coast was clear, moved off at a brisk pace. They followed him, Curtis protesting, Bryant insisting that they were on the track of some scheme which was to rob him of the money. Still following, they turned down Evelyn Street, crossed the canal, and eventually came to a halt, thirty yards separating pursuers and pursued, at a narrow-fronted shop over which swung the sign, "Varney, Dealer in Foreign Birds and Animals."

"This," said Bryant in a triumphant whisper, "is a trifle beyond what I was expectin', but we'll see it through."

They saw it through. By slow and cautious degrees they edged near enough to hear what the Indian was saying to the bullet-headed proprietor whose bulk filled the doorway. Ramadar Singh, it seemed, was in urgent need of an ape, a big, docile animal of the largest size, sufficiently acclimatised to stand the night air. Mr. Varney was doubtful of his ability to procure one. It would, in any case, take a day or so. He would let Ramadar Singh know.

The Indian nodded, and turned on his heel. The listeners shrank back against the wall as he passed them, his face calm and preoccupied.

"Yet he saw us," said Curtis afterwards. "I'll swear it!"

"You're a fool, Jimmy," said Bryant, in high good-humour. The only thing to be decided was the most satisfactory method of exposing this impostor. "You wait till we hear from him, and then look out for sport."

Three days passed. Then Bryant—who, with all his faults, was no snob—tore round hot-foot from his own sybaritic flat to Curtis's dingy rooms with a letter from the Indian.

"Sir" (Curtis read)—"If you still wish to hold me to your challenge—a foolish one, made in a foolish moment—will you honour me by calling at 11, Fitzadam Square at six o'clock to-morrow? The house is an empty one which I have hired for the day, since it is essential that we should be free from interruption.—RAMADAR SINGH."

Bryant was noisily jubilant.

"You see the move, of course? Time—after dusk. Scene—an

[Continued overleaf.]

LABELS AND LABIALS.



SHE: They say Di Toogood kissed a man at the Jones's party the other night.

HE: That's true.

SHE: How did you know?

HE: I had it from her own lips.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



MR. MOSS: This catalogue's an abtholute svindle; dere's no prices in it.

MRS. MOSS: What! You veren't thinking of buying any?

MR. MOSS: Thertainly not, but how can you be expected to appreciate pictures if you don't know the prices of them?

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

empty house in the most God-forsaken thoroughfare in London. I know it well. There's some sort of stupid devilry in the wind. It's merely a question of how to tackle it."

Curtis, remembering the ape, alluded to the possibility of danger. A revolver in Bryant's pocket, they decided, should form part of his equipment.

"And we'll get some of the boys from the Club to go," said Bryant. "Dacre, and Jack Denny, and Pell, and any others that care to make up a party. My hat, but we'll roast that nigger hotter than they'd do it at the Equator!"

They went round to the Club forthwith. It was a place which has no value in this narrative save that it supplied Bryant with an audience; but it was very blatant and expensive, and its sneers at White's and the Carlton were a shade too loud and insistent to be altogether good form. Bryant was a man of influence there. He told his story to an admiring and interjectory circle. Denny, as it happened, was absent, but Pell and Dacre, a man named Oling lately home on leave from Perak, and a youngster who had been sent down from Magdalen and was consequently in high favour with Bryant, agreed to go. They talked it over pretty thoroughly, and from a variety of theories a residuum survived. It was obvious that the Indian purposed getting rid of Bryant for a time, while he exhibited the brute he had hired of Varney, and then decamping with the money before the fraud was discovered.

"It's a damned fantastic theory," said the man who had been sent down from Magdalen, sucking at his pipe, "but it's the only one that fits. And Curtis is right when he says that you ought to take a revolver with you."

Before the discussion ended Bryant had become something of a hero, both in his own estimation and in theirs. He made the very ordinary mistake of confusing absence of nervousness with courage. He and Curtis dined together that evening, and put in an hour or so at one of the big music-halls afterwards. But the adventure of the morrow kept its uppermost place in their minds, and afterwards, under a clear, moonlit sky, they walked together to Fitzadam Square. No. 11 was a gaunt, stucco, mid-Victorian building with a weed-haunted garden in the rear, a smaller one bounded by blistered green palings in front, and the dreariest of outlooks. A light came and went in one of the upper rooms, but the rest of the place was in darkness.

That night Bryant dreamed of Ramadar Singh. The Indian was, it seemed, passionately urging him to abandon the challenge. Bryant, even in his dream, was amused at the man's insistence, and awoke with the sound of his own dream-laughter in his ears.

He collected his little party on the following evening. The sense of adventure had grown, but his amusement at the elaborate clumsiness of the plot had grown with it. They drove to the Square in a couple of taxis, and told the chauffeurs to wait. By the side of the house, near the broken gate marked "Tradesmen," stood a large, barred crate. Along the bottom was stencilled "Varney, Rotherhithe."

"Lord, the fool—the clumsy fool!" whispered Bryant, and followed the others up the flight of unwashed steps to the front door.

The Indian opened it. His eyes swept over the group, but it was to Bryant that he spoke.

"You have decided to come?"

"Of course. And I've brought the money with me. Provided I've assumed the form of my ancestor ten minutes after the performance begins, my friend here will hand it over." For it was part of their plans that the Indian should be caught red-handed, the police called in, and the whole thing exposed.

"There is still time to—"

"Oh, get on—get on!" said Bryant impatiently. "The draught from the door is enough to blow a man into the first century!"

They followed the Indian into a hall that reeked of damp and disuse. The chill of a building once inhabited, but empty for years, smote their senses. A silence fell, which lasted until they entered what had once been a dining-room.

"If your friends will be good enough to remain here while I demonstrate in the room above—" said Ramadar Singh.

Bryant glanced at the others, grinning.

"It's essential that there should be no witnesses, then?"

"It is essential, Sir."

Bryant, with a suspicion of swagger, produced the revolver.

"Any objection to my takin' this up with me?"

"It will be superfluous, Sir."

"But if I'm goin' to be confronted with the materialised shadow of my antediluvian self—" The grin on Bryant's lips widened.

"As you please, then," said Ramadar Singh, and led the way across the hall to the stairs.

Bryant followed. At the head of the flight he paused for a moment, and looked down. The yellow light from the old-fashioned gas-jet flickered on his face. He waved his hand to the group that stood in the doorway.

"If," he shouted, "we meet in the next ten minutes, you as the Twentieth Century, I as B.C. a Couple of Hundred Thousand, old Curtis here is to hand over the chink. Because our friend will have jolly well earned it. . . . But come upstairs as quick as you like if you hear the gun go off!"

He disappeared. Curtis took out his watch and glanced at it. They trooped back into the dining-room. There were the fragments

of an empty sugar-box in the corner of the room, and partly because the night was chilly, and partly as an excuse for action, they broke it up, and, with a racing-paper that the man from Magdalen found in his overcoat pocket, made a blaze in the rusty grate.

They clattered about for a time, and then Oling took out his watch. By the firelight—for the cracked plaster ornament in the centre of the ceiling was destitute of chandelier—they discovered that six minutes had passed. There were movements going on in the room above—a steady pacing to and fro. Once they thought they caught the sound of Bryant's voice, followed by a laugh. The man who was home on leave from Perak shivered, and, grumbling at the cold, kicked at a half-burnt ember until it spluttered redly. The youngster from Magdalen became very busy piling on more wood.

Suddenly Dacre made a suggestion.

"I'm going outside. There's no law against that. The room overlooks the road. We ought to be able to see something."

They left the fire to die down, unfastened the front door stealthily, and went down into the street. It was virtually deserted. Above them, the sky was studded with cloud-veiled stars, and the wind blew biting. The bedroom, they saw, was bright with lamp-light, but the window had been obscured by a curtain of some canvas-like material, and it was impossible to distinguish the interior. The clock of a local church boomed the half-hour.

"I can give him three minutes longer," said Curtis.

As he spoke, the window slid up and Bryant appeared. Moving restlessly about in the room behind him they could distinguish the shape of a big, dun-coloured ape.

"It's all right," said Bryant. His voice was hoarse with triumph. "It's all just as I expected. He's brought the beast up here. It's as tame as a kitten. We've done nothin' beyond gogglin' at one another since I came. The whole thing's the silliest sort of piffle. It's part of the contract that I shouldn't show myself yet, but I thought you'd like to know. . . . In a couple of minutes you'll have old Ramadar down for the reward. Hand it over, and don't interfere with him until you see me again." He shot down the window and disappeared.

They glanced at one another. A sigh of relief—they did not realise its fervency—broke from each. Curtis swung round at the sound of footsteps. A heavily built man came towards them out of the darkness.

"It's Varney," said Curtis. They all knew who Varney was.

"Owner's sent round in a hurry for the ape I sent 'ere," he explained. "It's a vallyble beast, and the contrack was that 'e wasn't to be kept beyond seven in the evening."

"That so?" said Dacre. "Then, if you keep your head shut and your eyes open for five minutes, you're in time to see a certain amount of sport. I—"

The Indian appeared in the doorway.

"Gentlemen, since you are already outside, perhaps you will be good enough to glance upward at the window."

It was obvious that he did not see Varney. They walked to the railings and then back to the step.

"You have seen Mr. Bryant?" he asked. The form of the big ape was silhouetted against the curtain on the left.

Curtis nodded.

"Here's your money," he said hastily, and placed the envelope that contained the notes in the Indian's hand.

"It is well," said Ramadar Singh. "Well—and very evil." He bowed, and turned back into the house.

"I've 'ad enough of this foolery," said Varney roughly. "I'm goin' up to get the beast. It's a miracle if 'e ain't caught 'is death a'ready."

He pushed past them into the hall and up the stairs. They saw him turn the angle of the landing, stumble, and, with an oath, regain his feet. Curtis, who had followed, found that the man had scattered a neat pile of clothing and something that clattered on the uncarpeted boards. It was Bryant's clothing. It was Bryant's revolver also.

Varney, who had been trying the door of the bedroom, turned back abruptly.

"There's a light showing underneath, but the door's locked."

"Break it open, then," said Curtis, in an odd, high-pitched voice.

Varney stepped back and then ran forward. They heard the jarring concussion of his weight against the woodwork.

"Bryant!" Curtis shouted. "Bryant, old man!"

There was the sound of movement, but no answer.

"Look in the other rooms," said Curtis, over his shoulder.

They scattered, searching. Every other room, both on that floor and in the attics above, was empty. The dust on their floors showed that they had not been entered for many months. Below it was the same. The man from Magdalen, who had gone down, reported that Ramadar Singh himself had left.

They grouped themselves afresh as the dull thud of Varney's splinter against the woodwork was suddenly changed into a rending, splintering sound. The door, with a crash, fell inward.

"Bryant!" Curtis called. His voice was almost a scream.

Varney was the first to enter the room. For an instant his bulk filled the doorway. Then he turned, and addressed the huddled group.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," he said, in a puzzled voice; "but 'ow am I to know which o' the beasts is mine? There's *two* of 'em 'ere!"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

MAROONED IN BOLOGNA'S FIRST-CLASS WAITING-ROOM: GOLF TALK IN A GONDOLA AT VENICE.

Golfers Going to Venice. Excellent for honeymoons, ideal for dreamy contemplations, and good also for artists' inspirations, I had not imagined Venice as a resort for golfers. Yet I shall remember it well, and not soon forget the expedition which brought me to acquaintance with it. As a wandering golfer, I had had a hard day at Florence. I had left that city with my bag of clubs at about eleven p.m., bound for the city of the big lagoon, but something went wrong with the train service—it would be wearisome to explain here what it was—with the result that we were turned out at Bologna, which is only about half-way, at half-past two in the morning, and had to remain there until five minutes to six, waiting for the next train coming up from Florence. Bologna may be a very beautiful city—I have nothing against it—but Italy inspires me less at three in the morning than after coffee and rolls six hours later, and I said unkind things of Bologna while I sojourned there, remembering all the time what James Braid has said so well—that there is nothing under heaven that is so good for the golfer's game as sleep and plenty of it, for that it steadies his

look to have little to do with golf in general or the golf in Venice in particular; but, as every player knows, the getting there is always one of the most important features of any golfing expedition, and I shall always remember Bologna for having made one of the most memorable, if not most enviable, of my experiences. It was a beautiful morning when our party of golfers was constituted at Venice. On arrival at the station, the clubs were settled comfortably in a gondola, we were paddled away to our hotel alongside the Molo, some time later that day we golfers were made known to each other, and in the evening we floated in the moonlight on the Grand Canal and talked some of the best and most enlightening golf talk that has ever been done in Europe.

The Leisurely Way.

The main theme was preparation for the new season at home, and a scratch man who was one of this party delivered himself of a piece of advice which, on reflection, I have come to consider as one of the best half-dozen tips I have ever in my life collected. He said, rightly, that, especially in the spring, and upon renewing the game after a period of abstention, were players liable to too much impetuosity in their methods, and would make all their movements too quickly, and particularly that of the back swing, rapidity in which is so fatal. And then he pointed out how character in one movement in golf induced the same character in another, and that slow preliminary waggling of the club was advisable. But, more than that, he recommended that, having done the putting on one green, the pacing to the next tee should be slowly done, and every movement should be made in a dreamy, contemplative way. This would induce a steady, well-timed, rhythmical movement in the swinging



A COURSE WHOSE LONGEST HOLE IS 60 YARDS: LONDON'S FIRST MINIATURE LINKS—A GENERAL VIEW.

nerves so well and gives him strength of heart and fine touch of the hand. Bologna from three to six in the morning is a hateful place for a golfer. I shall never forget its first-class waiting-room. There are four long seats in it covered with some sort of plush material.

Bag of Clubs for Pillow.

I discovered sleeping Italians on three of them, and took possession of the fourth in a manner of fixing myself up there in a leasehold or copyhold kind of way. A person in the service of the Italian State railways bustled up, and, after looking very hard at my bag of clubs and being by no means convinced that everything was all right, intimated that this seat was not meant as a kind of *wagon-lit*, and it would promote harmony in his bosom if I were to leave the golf-bag outside and sit up in my seat as respectably as one might be expected to do at three in the morning after a hard day's golf at Florence. I opened the hood of the golf-bag to show him that it was well, but little did he like the look of the niblick and its lighter associates, and I feared some bother until I remembered that, after all, most things in Italy are questions of lire, and, after awarding one of the larger silver pieces to this gentleman, he permitted me to be rude to him, to make up my bed on the seat, and undertook to tell me when the train to Venice came in, which he did accordingly. Meantime, the golf-bag was under too much suspicion to be left about, and, for the second time in my life, it had to go to bed with me. This time in Italy matters were so contrived that the bag, plus rain-coat, became the pillow, and with his head upon it this golfer slept well until in the dawn the train came in. All this may

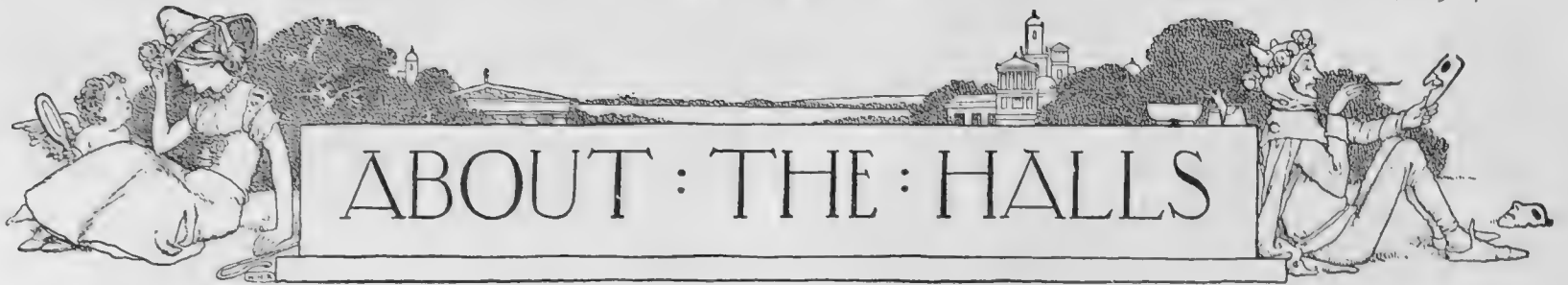


THREE ACRES AND—A GOLF COURSE: PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER ON LONDON'S FIRST MINIATURE LINKS.

The Mayor of Ealing recently opened London's newest golf-course and her first miniature links. This is attached to the Blenheim Garden Suburb, and consists of nine holes in a space three acres in extent. Everything is to scale. The longest hole is 60 yards, the smallest, 30.—[Photographs by G.P.U.]

It seems highly fanciful; but if you golfer, will try the experiment of a swing after trotting or briskly running for thirty or forty yards before the stroke, and then again after walking the distance in a proper, golf-like, meditative way, you will be astonished at the different and almost irresistible tendencies that are induced. It is a remarkable and valuable discovery. We talked golf so well that we were the last gondola going home that night.

HENRY LEACH.



A BETTER REVUE AT THE NEW MIDDLESEX: FUN AT THE COLISEUM AND THE PUTNEY HIPPODROME.

ON paying a visit to the New Middlesex Music-Hall the other evening, I was delighted to find that a great advance had taken place in the entertainment provided since my last visit. The new revue de Ba-ta-clan, presented by Mme. B. Rasimi, is entitled "C'est Bon," and is the work of MM. Celval and Charley, and is a vast improvement upon the old experiment. The chorus has diminished in age to a most desirable extent, the dressing is far more resplendent, and the performers are infinitely superior to those who appeared in the preceding show. Over and above these emendations, the piece is of better quality, and contains much more of variety than its predecessor could possibly claim. Laughter rang through the hall during a great deal of the performance, and the audience appeared to be completely satisfied with the entertainment provided for it. As usual with such pieces, it is entirely without sequence of plot. At one minute one is on land, and the next on sea, but throughout it is well done. At one moment we are shown the Lace Exhibition, with some excellent dancing; and the next a small boy in uniform comes on and performs very well upon the drum, gaining, perhaps, the applause of the evening. Shortly after, we have "Quand Même," a realistic scene in a lighthouse, in which the guardian is wounded in an attempt to destroy the lantern, which is triumphantly re-started by his small son, a scene which is admirably played throughout. Immediately following this, the Compère and the Commère come before the curtain and announce that M. Brouett will give an imitation of the lamented Fragon; and, after some appropriate words in celebration of his memory, M. Brouett gives a kindly piece of mimicry of the dead comedian. It is very well done indeed, and rouses lively recollections of the unfortunate man. There is a capital song by the Compère at the beginning of the second act, the humour is good, and one can foresee a long career of success for the latest London revue in French.

At the Coliseum. I found Mlle. Adeline Genée still attracting crowds to the Coliseum last week; but there was plenty of matter worth seeing in addition. There was Malcolm Scott, "The Woman Who Knows"; there was Willie Solar, the white-eyed rag-time success from the Hippodrome; there was Miss Nella Webb in selections from her repertoire and in gowns by Paquin; and there was Huntley Wright in "Simple-Earted Bill." No wonder, with a list of attractions such as this, that the house was crowded and eminently joyful. From the first rising of the curtain to its final downfall there was always something to entertain it, and it was ungrudging in its applause of everything it was offered.

Mr. Huntley Wright was the new arrival, and "The Famous Musical-Comedy Comedian" was, as before, supported by Miss Florence Wray, who sings extremely well, looks charming, and acts very pleasantly. Mr. Huntley Wright had no new sketch to offer, being content to rely upon the attractions of the one which had gone so well during his previous visit to this house. It was interesting to see him in it again, and to note the little additions he had made in his endeavours to increase the fun. As the tip-collecting and

reward-selecting little sailor, he is extremely funny, untiring in his efforts to amuse, and insistent upon seizing every opportunity to raise a laugh. His energy is superb, and, whether he is talking or dancing or falling about the stage, he is infallibly successful in his comedy. He is admirably supported by the company he brings with him, and keeps the gay little piece going with a swing from start to finish. There are few merrier entertainments to be seen at the Halls than "Simple-Earted Bill."

The Putney Hippodrome. Mr. Harry Atkinson, the "Australian Orpheus," has been appearing at Putney in a piece entitled "The Unhappy Medium," the work of the American actor-author, J. C. Nugent; and I went down to see it one night last week. The little piece tells of a "Trumpet Medium," who comes to see Lady Gwendoline Plantagenet with a view to assisting her in the entertainment of her guests. This man is a fraud, who on being enclosed in curtains, produces various instruments from a bag and pretends to imitate them. But he is foiled by the astute Jackson, her Ladyship's butler, who enters the sacred place and gives true imitations, greatly to the discomfiture of the impostor, who is driven from the house. Mr. Harry Atkinson is a wonderful imitator of musical instruments, and when he gets more accustomed to his new surroundings will find that they provide him with admirable means for a display of his powers. There seems to be

no musical instrument which he cannot imitate, the harp, the violin, the oboe, and the trumpet all falling easily within his powers of reproduction; and he is well supported by Miss Nora Girton and Mr. Eric Marchant, who are, it is no secret, his wife and son. The piece went very well indeed. It seemed to appeal to the inhabitants of Putney in a marked degree, and should add greatly to his powers of drawing audiences. He is a rare exception, and it is good to see him so well suited. Later in the evening I was privileged to see "The Paper-Knife," in which it can hardly be said that the efforts of the performers reached a very high standard: in fact, I thought it was rather to the credit of the audience that it merely laughed gaily at them, and did not give any signs of disapproval.

ROVER.

NEW THEATRE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C.

Proprietors

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM and Miss MARY MOORE



BANNED BY THE TUBE, ALTHOUGH PASSED BY THE BILL-POSTERS' CENSORSHIP COMMITTEE: A "JOY-RIDE LADY" POSTER.

This poster, which has been seen on many open-air hoarding-spaces in London during the last few weeks, has been banned by the Tube. In this connection, it may be noted that the design was duly passed by the Bill-Posters' Censorship Committee before it was printed.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE AERO SHOW: THE ROAD BOARD: "KEEP TO THE KERB!" JOHN BURNS AND HEAD-LIGHTS.

Things of the Air at Olympia.

The Aero and Marine Exhibition is now open at Olympia, and the fine display of air-craft disposed beneath Olympia's sweeping roof is evidence of the astounding progress that aviation has made since the Wright Brothers demonstrated the possibility of man flight. Not only is the Exhibition interesting, but it is highly instructive in all its details, for it embraces the latest methods of locomotion in air and on water. The exhibits range from the fascinating little racing aeroplane to the aerial public conveyance, with engines varying from 35-h.p. to 250-h.p., while the wetter element is represented by self-propelled craft ranging from the motor-dinghy to the forty-foot flier, and motors, in this connection from the little engine which is boomed out on the end of a spar from a rowing-boat to a 500-h.p. heavy-oil motor. Visitors to the Show—those who, at least, are moved by patriotic feeling—will be gratified to find that British manufacturers are, with regard both to aeroplanes and engines, bulking bigger than ever before. The Royal Aero Club have a most interesting display of models; free cinematograph shows of aviation are given, as well as popular lectures. Take it for all in all, I should not be surprised to find the attendance at this Exhibition pressing on that of the Motor Show.

The Board in Bonds.

The Road Board is assuredly a fairly well-abused body. Private motorists and public authorities (those of the latter who have not yet received contributions from its funds) combine to denounce this body and all its works, or lack of them. And, like all public bodies, it remains quiescent under this abuse, realising that its defence—for it has a defence—would hardly be credited if it were put forward. The Board, or its representatives in Parliament, was very severely heckled the other day, and so unjustly, by those who should have known better, that the *Autocar* came to the rescue and put the case for the Board in plain figures. The Board, unfortunately, cannot operate in one jot or tittle outside the terms of the enactment that brought it into existence; and it is with these terms that its critics should quarrel. When the Road Board was called into existence, those presumed to represent motorists in Parliament were just as slack and just as lacking in foresight in this matter as they had been in other connections concerning automobilism. As the income of the Road Board comes wholly, or very nearly so, out of the pockets of private motorists, it was to the amelioration of the roads as they exist to-day that the money should first of all have been devoted. And when long stretches of much-used main roads ran through poor counties, it was those counties that should have been liberally helped before the rich

boroughs got their pickings for local improvements which did not largely affect the motorist.



A TITLED SOMERSAULTER-IN-THE AIR: LORD EDWARD GROSVENOR, WHO, AS PILOT, RECENTLY LOOPED THE LOOP ON AN AEROPLANE NINE TIMES IN SUCCESSION.

Lord Edward Grosvenor, who holds a commission in the Royal Horse Guards, was born in 1892, and is the youngest of the Duke of Westminster's uncles. He learned to fly last August, at Brooklands; and recently went over to France with the idea of securing the advanced military airman's certificate and eventually joining the Royal Flying Corps. At the Buc Aerodrome, he made nine successive loops in the air on a monoplane. After the ninth somersault, he felt a little giddy.

Photograph by C.N.

A Common-sense Traffic Regulation at Last.

After many years, after much urging and imploring and invocation, the authorities at last are about to try the effect of a traffic regulation which should have been rigidly enforced throughout the length and breadth of the country a score of years ago. And now it is only to be tried tentatively, to be experimented with hesitatingly and sparingly, as though all and every user of the road, from the early cyclist to the car-driver of to-day, did not know that it is the sole and only solution to the question of congested traffic. The Automobile Association has at last brought the Home Secretary to express a willingness to approve a bye-law applying to a limited number of streets only (we are a careful people!) whereby every person driving or being in charge of any vehicle which is moving at a slow pace in any street shall, as far as practicable, keep the vehicle on the left or near side of the street and close to the kerb; or, where tram-lines are laid on the left or near side of the street, as close to such tram-lines as possible. It is both bewildering and astounding that so obvious and necessary a regulation has been so weary a time coming to fruition, and even now is only to be dealt with experimentally, when anybody who is anybody with a knowledge and practice of traffic knows, and has known for years, that it is the solution of street congestion.

Head-Lights Still Under Consideration.

Motorists owe more than they realise to the President of the Local Government Board, Mr. John Burns. Pressed on all sides to administer the L.G.B. regulations in many ways that could have proved most irksome to motor-car owners and users, he yet, with his well-known Caledonian stolidity and common-sense, refused to be rushed into any procedure to which he had not given his most careful consideration. If the motorphobists in the House of Commons could have had their way, night-driving would have been rendered horribly dangerous, if not impossible, by the prohibition of the use of head-lights. Such prohibition has been urged time and again, but, luckily for those of us who use the roads o' nights, without avail. I will admit that there are head-lights and head-lights, some

assuredly most condemnable from their piercing brilliancy; but to prohibit their use altogether because certain of them are offenders would have been contrary to good sense. No one would object to the use of head-lights being forbidden in well-lighted streets, for, as a matter of fact, they are there quite useless; but though asked to do this, the new President of the Local Government Board, who has been considering the results of experiments, says that he is not yet in a position to make a compulsory regulation on the subject.



A TWO-WHEELED MOTOR-CAR! AN AUTOMOBILE WHICH IS CLAIMED TO BE PARTICULARLY USEFUL FOR TRAVEL OVER ROUGH GROUND.

When the car is in motion, the two central wheels, which keep it upright when it is still, are raised automatically from the ground. There are two seats, one behind the other. The horse-power is from 6 to 18. It is for general use. The inventor is Mr. Balier-Schäfer.



THE King spent most of his time last Wednesday among horses and horsemen. After his visit to the show of the Hunters' Improvement Society in the afternoon, he dined at Forbes House with Lord Granard, a devoted Master of Horse, and Lady Granard. At the Agricultural Hall all his Majesty's talk was with Lord Helmsley and Lord Lucas. As an M.F.H. and officer of Yeomanry, Lord Helmsley's experience in the way of mounts has been large. He is to the House of Commons what Lord Lucas is to the Lords—a practical representative of a voteless multitude, the horses of England and the Colonies.

Remoter London. Though Downing Street is good enough for an eccentric breakfast-party, the real entertaining of the season is being done farther west. The old rules of locality—

the rules, that is to say, of the last ten years—are holding good, despite the attractions of Smith Square on the one hand and the newly discovered suburbs on the other. Berkeley Square is still convenient, and no change of fashion seems to throw Park Lane into the background. Last year there was a move towards Kensington and Bayswater, but this year people are, if anything, less ready to take houses in out-of-the-way corners of the town. The other day I heard a woman apologising for her remote address, half-a-mile on the wrong side of the Marble Arch. "You can imagine the sort of place!" she said in despair. "There isn't a Pekinese in the street!"

Paint-Pots and Prince Arthur.

Lady Drogheda's dining-room, it must be confessed, is causing some disappointment among those who like Futurism by the yard. Her decorations, which have filled the papers, prove to be an affair of inches when one gets to close quarters with them. Far more important than her narrow strips of pigment in revolt is the repainting of Londonderry House, hitherto the most obstinate of all dark patches on the fair fame of Park Lane. The neighbourhood is wondering whether the longed-for change is intended as a compliment to the royal newcomers up the road.

Romps and "H. G. W." Among invitations that will break down many good resolutions is one

issued by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells for March 24. The flat in London that supplements their house at Little Easton is too small for a dance, and they have taken quarters for the night in Hampstead, where they used to live and where their friends are accustomed to find them. Fancy dress is to be the rule; and Mr. Wells will, as usual, be expected to indulge his genius for games in the intervals of the dance. "Romping by H. G. W." is not printed at the bottom of the invitation-card: it is taken for granted.

The Pet, the Play, and Mrs. "Pat."

Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Bernard Shaw, having put their heads together, decided that Mrs. Patrick Campbell would make the ideal heroine for the Shavian drama to be produced at His Majesty's in April. No difficulty seems to have been experienced in concluding all arrangements for her place in the cast until the day when it was noticed that her dog was poorly. To say that her attention wandered is to put it mildly. Sir Herbert and "G. B. S." were kept, and are probably still kept, in suspense. If the dog dies, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will go into mourning for a suitable period, play or no play! And going into mourning means temporary retirement from the stage.

In Carlton House Terrace.

If it turns out to be true that a lady from the German Embassy has spied an unexpected Tintoretto in a London china-shop, she has the best possible advice at hand. Among the guests at the dinner given by the Ambassador and Princess Lichnowsky the other night was Mr. Roger Fry. Though he is now the prophet of Cubism, and keeps a mad workshop in Fitzroy Square, he cannot well forget all the good things he

has learned about the Old Masters. Mr. Fry never dines out without leaving his mark on the interiors of Philistia. He can condemn a curtain or excommunicate a carpet with an ardour that carries conviction even to ladies much less anxious for reform than Lady Drogheda.

A Mixed Party. The Embassy party was very mixed, after the fashion of the old Stafford House "Fridays." Mr. Percy Grainger, with his halo of pale hair somewhat ruffled in argument with Mr. Roger Fry, was joined later by Sir Henry Wood, another tireless controversialist.



ENGAGED TO MISS PHYLLIS THEODORA MACKENZIE: MR. MERVYN ERIC CLAUDE BAGGALLAY.

Mr. Baggallay, who is a barrister, is the younger son of the late Mr. Claude Baggallay, K.C., and of Mrs. Baggallay, of 32, Draycott Place.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. MERVYN ERIC CLAUDE BAGGALLAY: MISS PHYLLIS THEODORA MACKENZIE.

Miss Mackenzie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Mackenzie, of Collingwood Grange, Camberley.

Photograph by Swaine.



ON THE LINKS AT BIARRITZ: LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX DRIVING.

Before her marriage to Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, second son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox was known as the Hon. Hermione Fellowes, daughter of Lord de Ramsey.



PRESENTED AT THE THIRD COURT: LADY MAUD CAVENDISH.

Lady Maud Cavendish, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire was born in 1896. She is a great friend of Princess Mary.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



ON THE LINKS AT CANNES: LORD KNARESBOROUGH.

Henry Meysey Meysey-Thompson, first Baron Knaresborough, has been M.P. for Knaresborough, for the North Lindsey, or Brigg, Division of Lincolnshire, and for the Handsworth Division of Staffordshire.

Photograph by Navello.



IN THE SUNSHINE AT CANNES: LADY DE TRAFFORD.

Lady de Trafford, wife of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, third Baronet, was Miss Violet Franklin, and is the daughter of the late Captain James Franklin, of the 77th Regiment and the 6th Royals.

Photograph by Navello.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Coming of "Parsifal."

"Parsifal" has been beautifully produced at Covent Garden, and has made, on the whole, a profound impression; but the abiding memory of it is not so much the wonderful playing of the orchestra, though that was admirable, but the acting of these German artists, whose tender, reverential, and exquisite handling of this difficult music-drama was beyond all praise. Being stout and broad of countenance, German singers do not always look the part when they essay a Tristan, a Siegfried, or a Parsifal, but they invariably act well. They are highly trained in their technique. We have only got to picture certain world-famous tenors of other and more Southern nationalities trying to portray Parsifal on the stage to perceive at once what these Teutonic artists put into their work. "Parsifal" is the same semi-sublime "Idiot" of Dostoieffsky's famous novel. When he appears, his mind is a blank, and, resisting the blandishments of Kundry and the Flower-Maidens, it only opens wide to receive divine inspiration and to turn entirely to ideal things. Handled in the wrong fashion, without the most exquisite sensibility, the scene of the anointing of the feet of Parsifal would have been distasteful. Acted as it was, one carried away an unforgettable impression of beauty. "Parsifal" has added to our knowledge of extraordinary achievements of Man in Art.

"To Obey or Not To Obey."

A great pother is being made about the verb "obey" in the marriage service, but if wedded couples kept all the other injunctions which the Church lays upon them together with its sacerdotal blessing there would be fewer divorces and unhappy homes. Yet all the same, the undertaking, on the part of a healthy and sensible young woman, is an anachronism. It is not uttered in any other marriage service in white men's countries. We do not undertake to "obey" our parents (which is a much more obvious duty), but to "honour" them—in order, to be sure, that our days may be long in the land. In short, the free-born Briton does not undertake to show obedience to anybody or anything except the laws of our country, and that custom, even, seems now to be falling into desuetude. Moreover, if the word "obey" has to be said, it would be more in accordance with subsequent facts if the bridegroom said it instead of the bride. Did anyone ever hear—outside the pages of a novel—of a household in which a wife, even the meekest, did not invariably get her own way, while the husband, in small things, at any rate, acquiesces. These are inscrutable mysteries, but they belong to the married state ever since the first savage struck his inamorata on the head and dragged her into his hut of boughs. I have not the slightest doubt that this show of physical violence was mere bluff, and that the lady "took it out of him" afterwards on the domestic hearth. The latest idea, contributed by a student of

"Comparative Nursery Rhymes" is that this undertaking to obey is part of a pagan ceremonial, and thus has the merit, at least, of respectable antiquity.

Our Stony Square.

I have been in many capitals, north and south, east and west, but I do not think there is anywhere a great open space so devoid of beauty, grace, or even dignity as Trafalgar Square. Our great national hero is quite out of sight as well as out in the cold on the top of his column, and even the British lions appear to "feel their position acutely" in so grey and hard and sunless a place. It is true there are half-hours when Trafalgar Square becomes a thing of beauty and joy, and that is in some stormy, wet hour in winter, towards five o'clock. Then the Square becomes a lake, quivering with the reflections of innumerable lamps, the whole place is massed out in bluish greys and greyish mauves, St. Martin's Church towers gravely to the right, the façade of the National Gallery is beautified by a veil of slanting rain, and, westward, smouldering red and dun-coloured clouds proclaim that the sun, in some more fortunate spot than London, is going down in pomp. On such an evening one forgives the architect who planned Trafalgar Square, even if the elements are at work making of it a thing of beauty instead of stretches of meaningless asphalt. As it stands, the stony square of London is about as pleasing and genial as the proverbial stony stare of the average Englishman. I see Sir Melvill Beachcroft has high hopes of amending it with shrubs in tubs, and other pleasing devices; but the whole design is wrong, for one should not attempt to make the side of a slope into a square. It should have been levelled, and a grand flight of steps built which would have led up to a National Gallery worthy of the priceless treasures inside.

Nijinsky Triumphant.

Not only have we our wonderful Russian dancer leaping, literally, into all hearts at the Palace Theatre, but there is a special show of portraits by Blanche, Sargent, Glyn Philpot, and Valentine Gross at the Fine Art Society to show that he is as much admired by painters as by the public. Of these, the canvas by Glyn Philpot depicting Nijinsky as Debussy's "Faun," before the curtain is the most curiously characteristic. As "le Spectre de la Rose," the young Russian has great charm, and with Karsavina in her 1830 garments and her cap with strings—which somehow always evokes, for me, a disquieting vision of Mrs. Caudle and her curtain lectures—we have him at his prettiest. Nijinsky, as the pale negro in "Scheherazade," is terrible; and one proof of his extraordinary art is the ease with which he transforms himself into another being, and can be, in the same evening, a rosebud, a slave, a pagan creature of the woods, or a harlequin.



THE "BUNCHY" EFFECT: AN EVENING GOWN.

This is an evening gown of oyster-white charmeuse, with a "bunchy" tunic of white tulle over a second of flesh-pink. The corsage, cut very low, has a vest and tabs of gold net sewn with pearls.



THE VELVET-BOW EFFECT: A DISTINCTIVE FROCK.

Of white charmeuse, this frock fastens down the front with jet buttons, and has a little cut-away jacket of navy-blue charmeuse, on which two large black-velvet bows are placed.

A CONTRAST: WHITE TULLE AND BLACK CHARMEUSE.

This frock is composed of a skirt and waistcoat of black charmeuse, with the bodice and tunic of white tulle and incrustations of Malines lace. The Medici collar and frills on the sleeves are of white tulle.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 25.

BRAZIL.

AFFAIRS in Brazil have caused a good deal of anxiety in the City during the last few months, although only quite recently have they assumed a really serious aspect. Reliable news as to the present political position is meagre, and practically all we know is that martial law has been established in Rio de Janeiro and the surrounding district, and that there is serious trouble in Ceara.

Grave enough in themselves, these political outbreaks are clearly only the result of those same financial and economic difficulties which have depressed the market value of the country's securities in Europe. On the Finance Minister's own showing, the external obligations are not provided for much beyond the end of the present month, and so it is clear that either gold will have to be shipped to Europe or further loans contracted, which would be exceedingly difficult under present conditions. Later on, of course, the economic position can be trusted to right itself, and the adverse trade balance, which is the primary cause of the whole trouble, will be reduced. In connection with this latter point, it is worth noting that coffee is a very much more important article than rubber. Even in 1912 the value of the exports of the latter article was only about one-third that of coffee.

In writing of Mexico we have often pointed out that the rate of exchange affords a very valuable guide, but in Brazil the position is complicated by the existence of a large stock of gold—at present about £18,000,000—in the Conversion Office which is always available to maintain the value of the milreis at the legal minimum of 16d.

The Government are fully alive to the necessity for retrenchment, and, whilst we see no object in minimising the gravity of the present situation, we have no doubt that Brazil will eventually succeed in overcoming her difficulties, and will re-establish her credit as she did after the crisis of 1898.

UNITED ALKALI.

If the report of this Company for 1912 was disappointing, that for 1913 is even more so, and for the first time since 1903 the Company failed to earn the Preference dividend, although by drawing on the carry-forward this was actually paid.

The gross profit at £416,500 showed a falling-off of £40,700, and the net profit is £42,600 down at £178,600. The reserve fund on this occasion receives nothing at all, and the carry-forward is reduced from £33,000 to £25,300.

The directors complain of the high price of raw materials and of fuel—especially the latter—and state that competition has been exceedingly keen. Last summer, it will be remembered, the shareholders agreed to a very necessary writing-down of their capital, with the result that the book-value of its works and plant has been reduced from over 8 millions to a little less than 5½ millions. About two-thirds of the necessary sum was found by reducing the Ordinary capital, which now stands at £598,700, and the remainder was taken from the reserves, with the result that these are now unpleasantly attenuated. They were never very strong.

It is very disconcerting to find that in two splendid trade years like the ones we have just passed through this concern should have almost gone back to the worst period of its existence, and it is very difficult to discover grounds upon which to build hopes of better things in the near future.

MEXICAN RAILS.

It is some little time since we have referred to affairs in this part of the world, and so we are especially glad to print the following note from our valued correspondent "Q." Unfortunately, it will not make very cheerful reading for holders of the securities in question, but we think a careful perusal may very possibly save them from further disappointments in the future.

The position and prospects of the *Mexican Railway Company* are very interesting at the present time, especially as the report for the six months ended Dec. 31 last is due to be published in about a month's time. One of the most remarkable features of Stock Exchange prices this year has been the comparative firmness of the prices of the stocks of the Mexican Railway—at the time of writing the quotations are: Mexican Ordinary, 35; First Preference, 115; Second Preference, 70; the lowest prices touched in 1913 for the same three stocks were 30½, 108½, and 60½ respectively—and yet the immediate prospects of the Company are infinitely worse than at any time last year. To what are the present comparatively high prices to be attributed? I think to three causes—first, that there has been some buying due to a feeling that some day there must be an improvement in Mexican affairs; secondly, the quotations have been maintained by the undoubted existence of a bear account; and thirdly, and perhaps mainly, prices have not fallen as might have been expected because the holders of the stocks have not yet realised the terrible falling-off in profits with which they will shortly be confronted. At the last half-yearly meeting, on Oct. 30, 1913, the Chairman estimated that the net receipts for the six months ending on Dec. 31, 1913, would be about 2,500,000 dollars, which, at the normal rate of exchange, would produce £250,000; but as the average rate of exchange then ruling was only 1s. 6d., he expected the net profits for the half-year might reach from

£165,000 to £175,000. Exchange has continued to fall steadily from that time; but, assuming an average rate of 1s. 6d. for the last half-year, the profits stated will admit of the declaration of nearly the full rate of dividend on the First Preference stock in April for the half-year, but there will be no dividend on the Second Preference or Ordinary stocks. The prospects for the current half-year are even more disastrous. The rate of exchange has now fallen to 1s. 2d., and, if there should be no further fall and traffics are maintained, the probabilities are that only a small distribution will be made on the First Preference stock in November next. For the whole year ending June 30, a dividend of 5 per cent. on the First Preference, with nothing on the Second Preference or Ordinary, seems the most that can be looked for. That matters will ultimately right themselves in Mexico is, of course, to be expected and ardently hoped; but the process of recuperation will be a long one, and at present no one can be sure that the worst is over. I think that if it is the case that the quotations for the Mexican Railway stocks are being artificially maintained, as hinted above, the actual holders might be well advised to consider whether they should take the opportunity offered of realising before the issue of the next report.

CHILIAN ANNUITIES.

South America has provided some rude shocks to investors of late, and the not unnatural result is a distinct tendency to look askance at all securities hailing from that part of the globe. The credit of Chili, however, rightly ranks as high as, if not higher than, that of any other South American Republic, and we think the Annuities of this Government are worth the attention of anyone who is looking for a sound, although perhaps not quite gilt-edged, investment.

A million and a half Chilean Government Annuities, Series C, were recently offered by Messrs. J. Henry Schröder and Co. They are now paid up to the extent of 20 per cent., and the final instalment becomes due in the middle of May.

Redemption is to be carried out by means of half-yearly drawings at par or by purchase in the market below that figure, and the Bonds will be entirely redeemed by 1944.

The money is needed for the completion of the longitudinal railway, but the Government guarantee, of course, is entirely independent of the success of the railway. Out of the total Annuities authorised, there remain only about £300,000 more to be issued (which will probably be also Series C), and this should be a source of strength to the market. The current quotation is 93, at which price they offer a handsome return, in addition to a very reasonable prospect of capital appreciation.

RANDOM NOTES.

The details of the proposed amalgamation of four Cobalt Mining Companies does nothing to improve our opinion of the financial methods or prospects of this group. The full details are available to all interested in the matter, and we have not the space to set them out here, but the valuations adopted of the different Companies seem to be wholly arbitrary. The only results of the scheme, so far as we can see, will be to bolster up Cobalt Lake at the expense of Cobalt Town Site, and to convert the shares of the City of Cobalt Company, which have at present no market, into a security which can be disposed of. We are inclined to look upon the latter as being the primary object.

The knowledge that the City of Mexico is about to default on the interest of its 5 per cent. Loan came as a nasty shock to the market last week, and we must confess that we had not looked for this, although we have no delusions as to the condition of affairs in Mexico. It is not surprising that the quotation has dropped very sharply, but, since things can hardly get worse, we think those who hold the Bonds at higher prices would be unwise to turn them out at the present juncture.

The prospectus of the Russian Corporation which appeared last week is of unusual interest. The business will be that of a General Trust and Finance Company concerned more especially with Russian Government and Municipal issues, and, as is always the case with such propositions, the success must eventually depend upon the Board of Directors. In the case of this Corporation the Board is of quite unusual strength both in London and, to an even greater degree, in St. Petersburg. We are convinced that the next few years will see an immense amount of development throughout the Russian Empire, which will afford plenty of opportunities for the profitable employment of the £1,000,000 in cash with which the Corporation commences business. It is not likely that very large dividends will be distributed at first, but we think a fair return upon the capital can be looked for from the commencement, with every prospect of a gradual increase as years go on.

The attitude of the London Electric Lighting Companies towards the amalgamation scheme was very clearly stated by Mr. Becton, Chairman of the Brompton and Kensington Company, at the general meeting the other day. The project in its original form, which included the formation of a large Company under outside interests, appears to be definitely rejected, but the Companies concerned propose to try and come to some arrangement among themselves on somewhat similar lines. Nothing is likely to be decided for some time, and we should very much like to see some authoritative announcement on the engineering side of the question by an entirely independent expert.

[Continued on page 356.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

What of the Season?

There are varied opinions on the coming season; possibly there has never been one more discussed. Meanwhile, many dates in May and June are secured for dances; the usual social fixtures are all made—they are almost as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and people, as a rule, look forward to doing just as they have always done during the coming months. Some hostesses are entertaining now—feeling that later on is uncertain. A General Election is predicted in some quarters; in others, it is believed that the Government will sit tight over anything but an earthquake or a revolution. Civil

Castle for the season, and will also, I hear, have a flat or a suite of rooms in a big hotel in London as well. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has 17, Grosvenor Square; the Duchess of Vizeu will be at 32 for part, at least, of the season. Mr. Anthony Drexel's big house in the same Square is also to be let, and will doubtless be secured by one of his own country-people. Mrs. William Leeds will be at 41, Grosvenor Square, which she has taken from the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, and which is a house well suited for entertaining. It has a fine ball-room. It is being done up, and will be a centre of charming hospitality. This is an example of American occupation of one Square; and Crewe House is let to Mr. James Duke.



A WELL-KNOWN HUNTING MAN ENGAGED: MR. J. W. E. ADAMTHWAITE, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS ALICE WHITTLE.

Mr. Adamthwaite, of The Firs, Cirencester, is Honorary Whip to the West Carbery Hunt, which, by the way, has a lady Master—Miss Edith Somerville. Miss Whittle is the youngest daughter of Major Whittle, of the Royal Irish Rifles.

Photograph by Poole.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S HEIR, WHO HAS JUST COME OF AGE: THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD.

Lord Titchfield, elder son of the Duke of Portland, was born on March 16, 1893. He is a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards. His younger brother, Lord Francis Bentinck, is at Eton.—Captain Connop succeeds Mr. W. G. Heasman and Mr. Roland Burke, who were Joint-Masters. He has been M.F.H. of the Tedworth and of the East Sussex. The Eastbourne pack are owned by the Duke of Devonshire, who was formerly Master.

Photographs by Barrett and Bassano.



THE NEW MASTER OF THE EASTBOURNE FOXHOUNDS: CAPTAIN HENRY CONNOP.

war is put off into the realms of futurity, to those who are planning their house-parties for Ascot, their entertainments for the season, and their week-ends at country houses—such a contingency is almost unthinkable. To plagiarise Mr. Kipling, "they little know of Ulster, who only hear its name." Whatever is going to happen, it is our English way to go on as usual up to the brink. The King and Queen will entertain the King and Queen of Denmark in state for three days in May. Their Majesties will be away in Scotland for some time in July; and in June



THE ROCK-GARDEN AS A TABLE DECORATION: ICE-PLANTS—NOT FOR GROWING ICES!

The little rock-gardens introduced for table-decoration are about six inches square. Some were recently placed on view at a Spring Bulb Show in London.—[Photograph by Illus. Bureau.]

they will pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck. So far, therefore, as their residence at Buckingham Palace is concerned, the season will be a broken one. There will be one Court in May, possibly two; but rumour has it that the fifth Court will be held at Holyrood.

Blustery March. The winds that blow this month are most unkind to our complexions. The farmer's wife who was young and pretty, and abused them to her spouse on this account, was told, "Dang thy complexion, they be main good winds to dry my land." It is all a question of point of view. We can save our precious skins, however, by using such an excellent preparation as Cimolite Toilet Cream, in which is a special ingredient which has a remarkable action on the skin, allaying all irritation and rendering it soft and cool. Cimolite Powder is also healing, and so microscopic as to be imperceptible. The Cimolite preparations, well known for efficiency, are manufactured by Mr. John Taylor, 13, Baker Street, W., but they can be obtained of any leading chemist.



THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF QUEEN MARY'S CORONATION HOME PRESENTED AT COURT: MRS. SIDNEY LEE AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS NANCY LEE.

Mr. Sidney Lee is Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of Queen Mary's Coronation Home. Mrs. Lee and her daughter were presented at the first Court of the season.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

An American Season.

The Centenary of Peace being celebrated here this year will cause an influx of American visitors; many have, in fact, already made their arrangements. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pierpont Morgan have returned to 12, Grosvenor Square, which was let to Mrs. Weigall; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marsh have taken Warwick



A DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS POSTAL REFORMER MARRIED TO A KING'S FOREIGN SERVICE MESSENGER: MAJOR ADRIAN PORTER AND HIS BRIDE (MISS ROSE HENNIKER-HEATON) LEAVING THE CHURCH.

The bride is the younger daughter of Sir John Henniker-Heaton, who was made a Baronet in 1912. Major Porter is in the Queen's Regiment. The wedding took place on the 10th.

Photograph by Record Press.

Continued from page 354.]

Great interest has been aroused by the latest news from the East Rand Proprietary Mine. The cable received on the 9th states that, in the Hercules section, the shaft had entered the main reef series, and then, on the 12th, came the assay results. The width of the reef is given as 129 inches, and the value, 9½ dwt. to the ton. If this phenomenal width should extend for any considerable length, it cannot fail to exert a beneficial effect upon the whole Kafir Market as well as on the shares of the Company directly concerned. Although the Transvaal gold output for February showed a small reduction over the January figures, this was due solely to the smaller number of working days, and the average daily output showed an actual gain. We were also very glad to see a welcome increase of 3795 in the number of native "boys" employed.

The excellent weekly outputs of the Spies Company had not received their fair measure of attention in the Market; but the cables announcing that a new well has been struck caused quite a sharp spurt in the shares. At 22s. 6d., however, they do not seem overvalued, and look a very fair speculation.

The latest news from Ecuador is satisfactory. The rebels have been defeated at Esmeraldas and that town has been recaptured, which means, we presume, that the backbone of the revolution has been broken. In itself we do not think the trouble was ever really serious, but revolutions of any size are dangerous things in South America, and, until stamped out, they are always liable to break forth into a first-class blaze.

RUSSIAN MINING CORPORATION.

Last week we mentioned rather favourably the outlook for this Company and, as our information came from a usually well-informed source, we were very surprised to read the following passage in a private letter. However, we have been to considerable trouble to decide between the conflicting views, and have come to the conclusion that the following represents the position far more truly than our remarks of last week—

... I always read your Notes in *The Sketch*, and last week I noticed you gave some rather glowing particulars of the Russian Mining Corporation and its new concessions. I happen to know a good deal about this Company, and so thought I had better "put you wise," as the Yankees say, and you can pass the information on to your readers, or not, as you think fit.

The concessions in question, as you probably know, were acquired from the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who accepted part cash and part

shares of the new subsidiary to be formed, and the current story is that he had previously refused £300,000 in cash for the same concessions from the Russo-Asiatic people. I believe this story is misleading, although it is true that negotiations were at one time carried on with this party. The Russo-Asiatic Corporation went very fully into the matter, and were prepared to spend a certain amount of money in experimenting with the ore (which has proved so refractory in the past) in return for an option on the concessions. This was as far as they were prepared to go, but nevertheless the business would probably have been carried out on this basis had not the Russian Mining Corporation jumped it and made an offer which included a large cash payment on the nail. They may make a decent profit out of the St. Petersburg drainage contract, but I have grave doubts as to the value of the concessions, and should hesitate to advise the shares even as a gamble. . . .

Saturday, March 14, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

"ROADS."—We know of no particular reason, and, as you will have seen, the price has improved since you wrote. We look upon them as a very fair speculative holding.

"PAT."—(1) The shares are nominally £1 each, quoted at 7½; and the Company owns all the Mines mentioned in our paragraph. A war would probably upset things very much. If you buy the shares, you must realise that there is a great deal more risk involved than in buying 5 per cent. investments. (2) A fair investment, but we fear you will never get £70 a year from them.

H. K. R. (Alton).—We have answered you through the post.

QUARTER.—We cannot say, "within our personal experience," but we have no doubt whatever that the drawings are conducted quite fairly. If you write to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 31, Threadneedle Street, they can, we feel sure, give you plenty of examples.

BADMINGTON.—It is rather difficult to say, but we should think you have quite a good chance of a decent profit within the time you mention.

VERSOM.—Many thanks. We wrote because we thought you ought to know that there is another side to the question. The Tin shares should eventually go better, but the pace has been pretty hot during the last three months.

H. R. P.—We are always pleased to be of help when we can.

CAMPBELLTOWN.—We have sent your letter on to "Q," and will give you his answer next week.

C. W.—Your letter arrived too late for reply in this number. We will answer next week.

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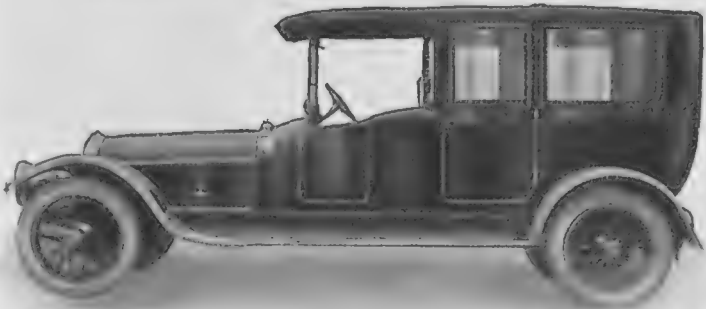
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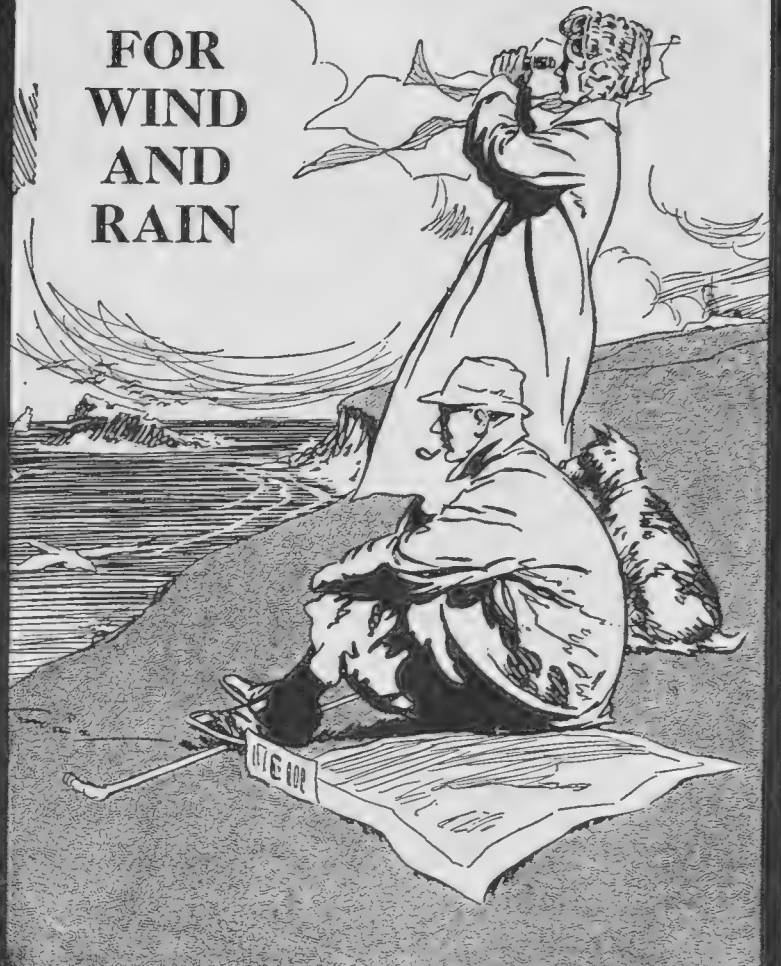
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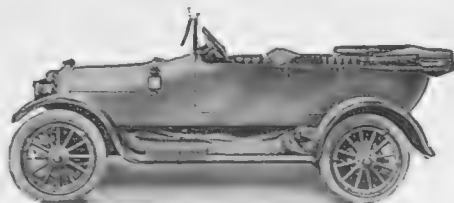
We have received the following cable from Santiago:

Martin on Buick makes new motor-car records by conquering Andes Mountains; arrived Santiago this morning, February 27th; drove across Continent from Buenos Ayres to Santiago, Chili, in twenty-eight days; greatest altitude, 13,000 feet; French and German attempts unsuccessful.

MODELS:

15-18 h.p. 2-seater, £225
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ALL COMPLETE with BOSCH MAGNETO, hood, cover, screen, 5 lamps, horn, tyre-carrier, 810 X 90 Michelin Tyres (two plain and two non-skid), jack, pump, tool-box, and tools.



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Pebeco is much more than a dentifrice. It leaves the mouth non-acid, fresh and pure, and enormously reduces the chances of infection.

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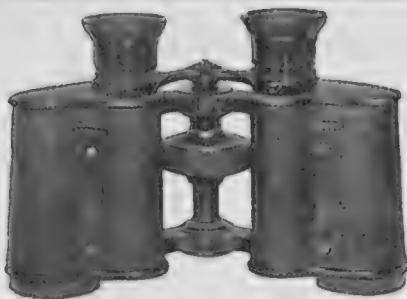
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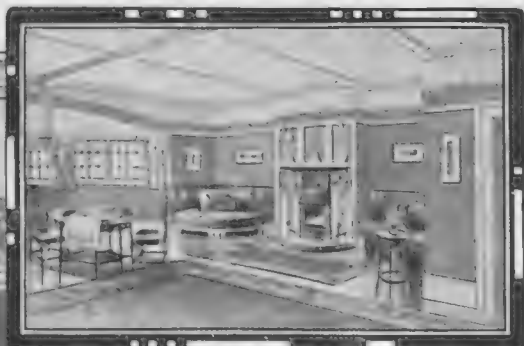
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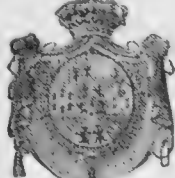
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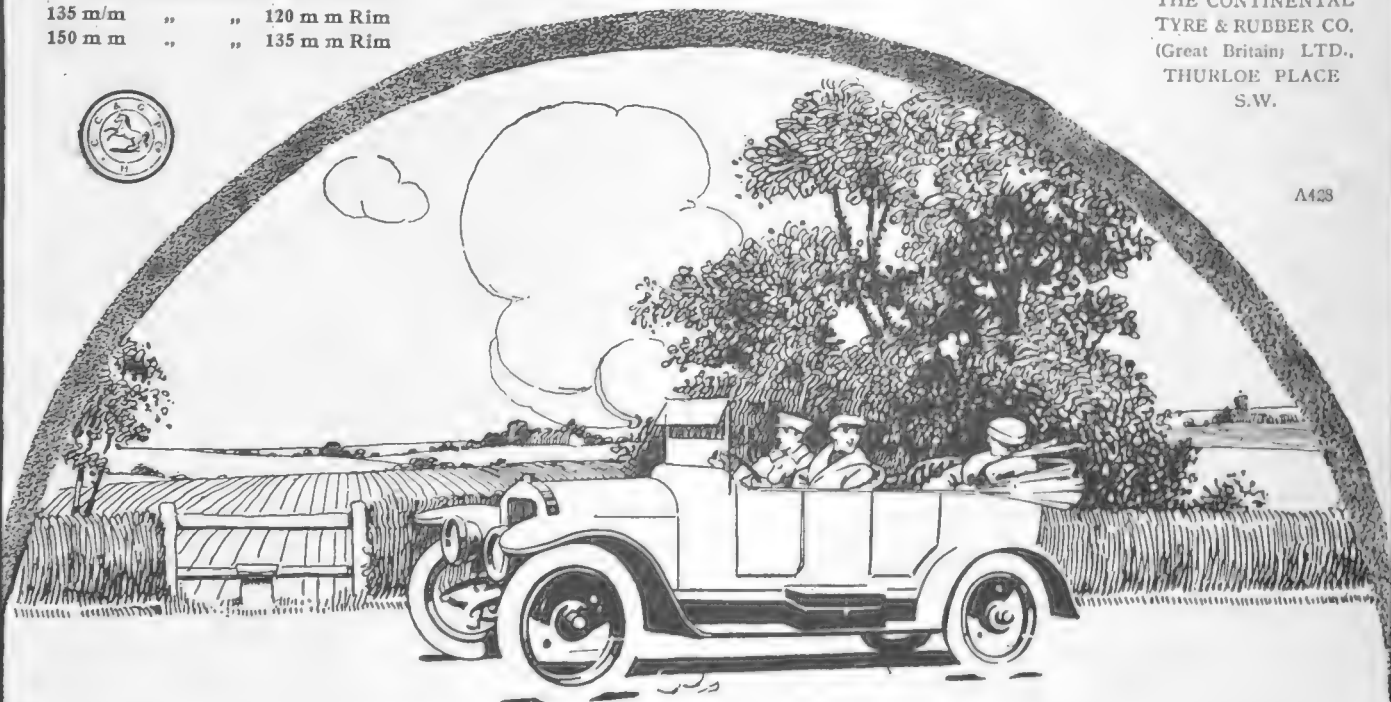
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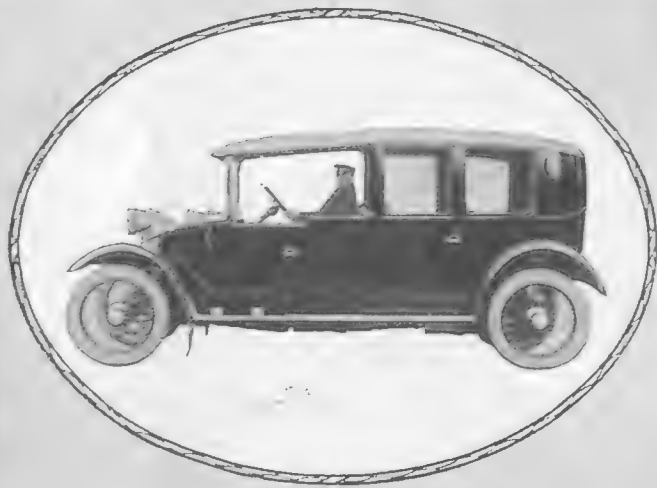
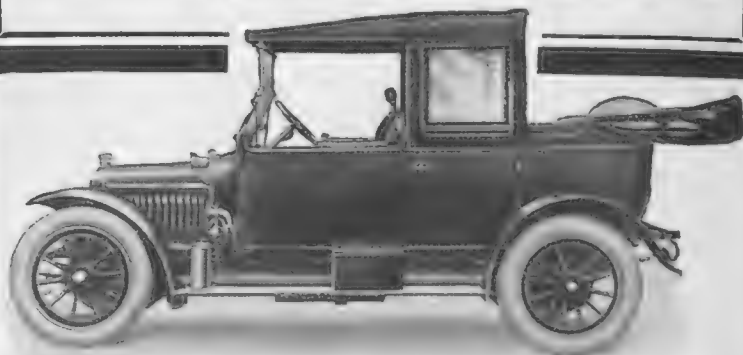
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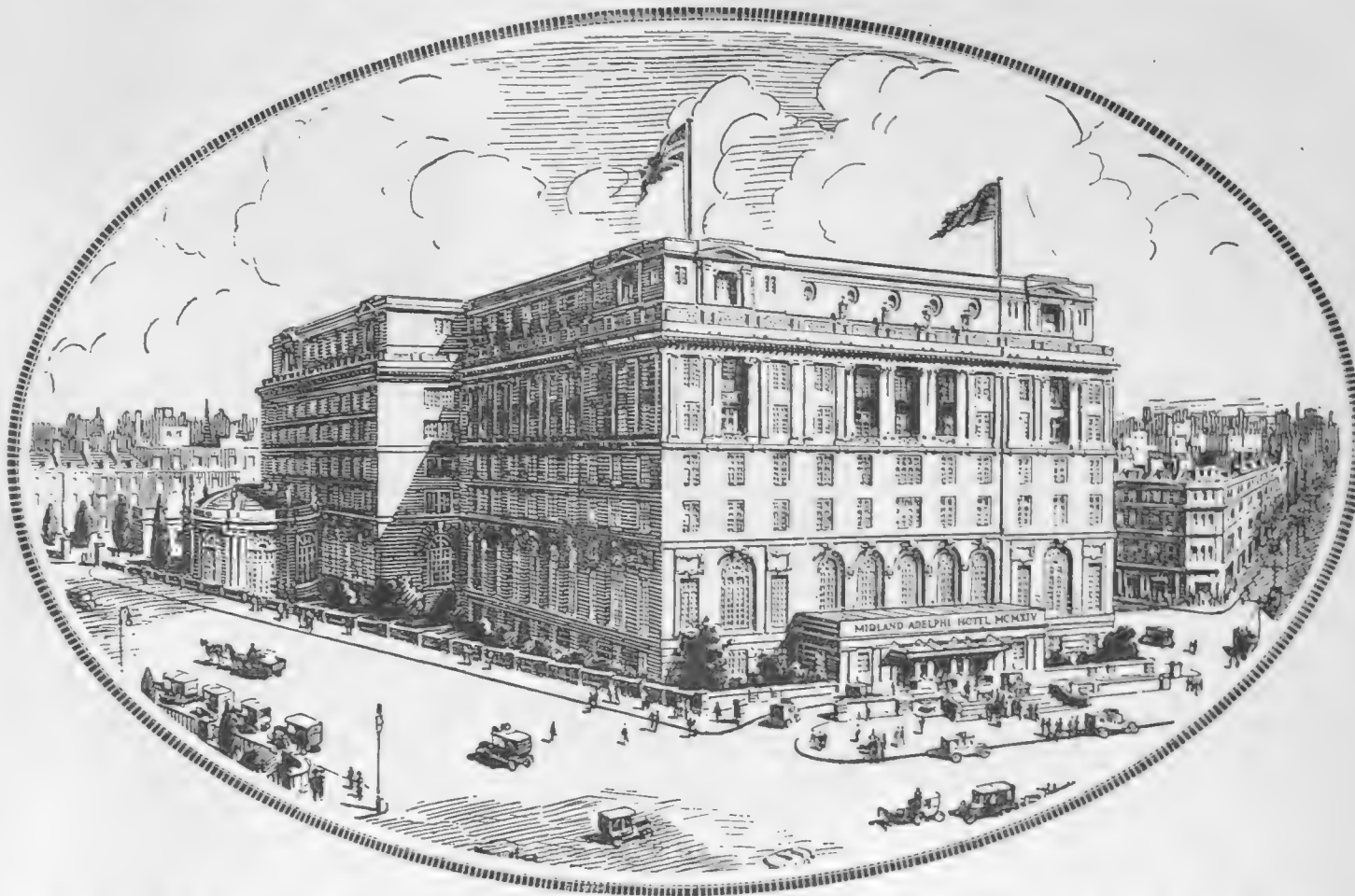
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BEFORE

AFTER

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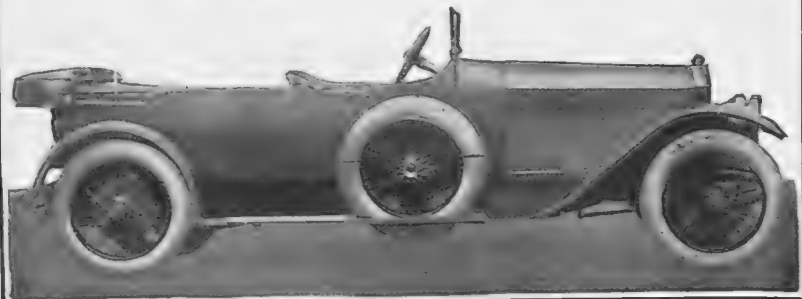
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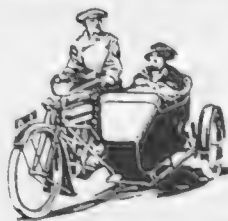
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REVIEWS.

CONDER, ALASTAIR, AND OTHER ARTISTS.

CHARLES CONDER is not easily put into a book; though he painted fans, made lithographs, and was, into the bargain, a little rather than a great master, neither his own likeness nor the likeness of his achievement is quite successfully caught in Mr. Frank Gibson's monograph, "Charles Conder, His Life and Works" (The Bodley Head). To one who knew Conder fairly well during all the years of his London life, the likeness attempted in the biographical section is unsatisfying. Perfectly accurate as far as it goes, and perfectly well judged, it misses the manner of the man as surely as Conder himself missed the likeness of a sitter. Whether he was painting the Baroness de Meyer or Mr. Max Beer-bohm, he never got on to good terms with reality. It was as if he, the painter of fans, were always screened from actualities by a fluttering of silken veils; as if he, the fan-maker, were shut in by, a world of fans. And in the unsubstantial region he inhabited he was, too, often at a loss to know his own exact whereabouts. His work, in consequence, is never free from an air of hesitation; it never convinces one that Conder had quite laid hold of the things he wished to set down. It is weak with uncertainties, and though half its charm lies in its preoccupations and remoteness, it makes the beholder uncomfortable with the fear that mischances and mistakes were part of the artist's equipment. In the works of his later years the fear turns to conviction. His lovely colour becomes patched with ugliness, his drawing grows recklessly bad. And because it is so often touch-and-go between success and failure in Conder's originals, it is necessarily the same in this Conder book. How express in an obituary volume a man who so seldom expressed himself completely? On one page a reproduction of a drawing on silk sends one into a gentle rapture over exquisite form and colour; on another one receives nothing but an impression of ineptitude and impropriety. But Conder had genius, and the book was inevitable.

While the Conder volume, a confusion of the beautiful and the unbeautiful, leaves one in a state of perplexity, the book of "Forty-three Drawings by Alastair" (The Bodley Head) brings conviction. Alastair is a young artist who stops at nothing. He stops at nothing, that is, in the way of decorative horrors; he is ingeniously and abundantly unpleasant, and always with a great show of draughtsmanship and arrangement. On nearly every page is posed a ghastly lady in an incredible dress, or just out of it. His detail

is elaborate in the extreme; but neither in detail nor in general does he show the genius or the promise of genius that Mr. Robert Ross, in his "Note of Exclamation," would persuade us to acknowledge. To that note of exclamation we are inclined to respond with another—the first half of the newcomer's name!

To leave the white-and-gold covers and spacious pages of the Conder and Alastair volumes for the thick-set, handy series in which the "Art in Flanders" and "The Art in Spain and Portugal" (Heinemann) are treated respectively by Professor Max Rooses and M. Marcel Diculafoy is like stepping out of your Venetian palace into one of the puffing, busy *vaporetti* that conduct you on a round of sight-seeing. These are, in a sense, guide-books, full of pictures and full of information. In the matter of illustration they are marvellously full; the one is like the whole of a Brussels, and the other like the whole of a Madrid, picture-postcard shop reduced to a pocketable compass. There must be about a thousand small pictures of buildings, sculptures, paintings, and the like, in each volume. The letterpress is less inspiring. Indeed, it was probably a dreary task for our authors to link up a thousand-and-one pictures with a thousand-and-one comments, and we can hardly blame them for betraying their condition. On nearly every page an artist is introduced with the assertion that "he shed fresh lustre on his native city," or is "justly celebrated," or "enjoys a well-earned reputation," or that his native city, wherever it may be, "boasts of having given birth" to him, or that he "soon gained the admiration of his countrymen," or was "the standard-bearer of the artistic revolution," or "gained a more solid reputation with less ambitious works," or "must not be forgotten," or, of a kind still more numerous, "must be mentioned among others." Periods are ushered in with corresponding phrases. We do not look in books that are a cross between Baedeker and the *Burlington Magazine* for lively prose or tingling criticism, but we do look for a careful pruning of unnecessary words. Some scheme for the tabulation of facts and opinions might cover the ground more neatly than the interlarding of narrative and criticism here attempted. Though the history-book method is good enough for Kings and Queens, it is not good enough for artists. They cannot be summed up in a few words, nor kept in their places by rule of thumb. They are all Pretenders in the eyes of a new generation, and must re-establish their claims over and over again. King Alfred burned his cakes for good and all; they were over-done—of that there are no two opinions. But for the works of Goya and Greco, Rubens and Rops, there is no such finality of judgment. These books are in all things up to date, but even now we feel that they are growing old-fashioned.

A bit of History

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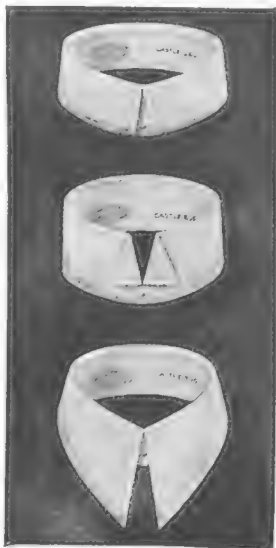
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with New Art for the Halls; A Modern Robinson Crusoe Island; "The Car at Half Past Ten, Please"; Mr. Cyril Maude and Master Thomas Benton Carnalian; "The Land of Promise," at the Duke of York's; Miss Enid Bell; Miss Maire O'Neill; Miss Phyllis Monkman.

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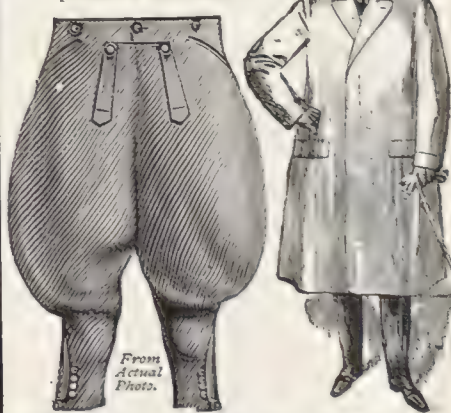
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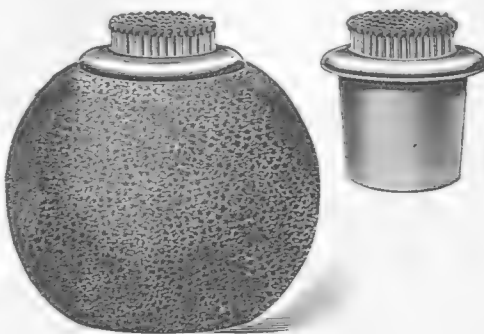


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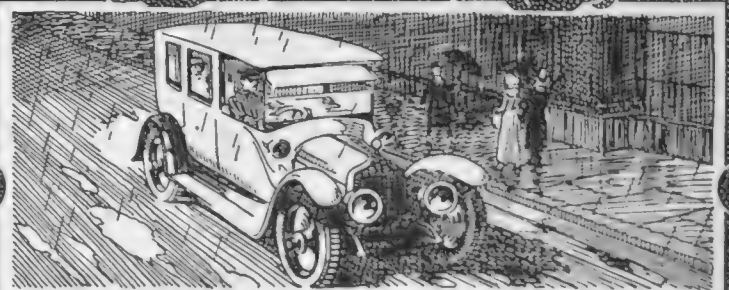


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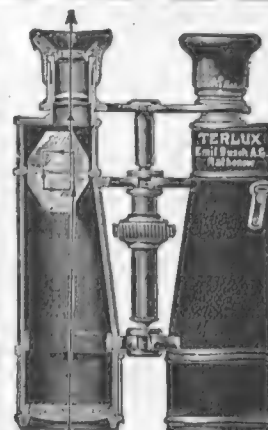
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How to be Beautiful.

By RITA MOYA.



It is not every woman's good fortune to be endowed by Nature with fine features and a flawless complexion, but nowadays it is possible to make the plainest face attractive, and that, too, in the

privacy of one's home, without recourse to beauty specialists, which usually involve expensive treatments, and much loss of time. I shall endeavour to show you in the following lines, how much may be done in this direction by any woman of ordinary intelligence. When facial applications are necessary, use only the pure ingredients just as they come to the chemist himself. Do not allow yourself to be persuaded into buying some cheap ready-made preparation instead. Any chemist will gladly obtain the original concentrated ingredients for you, if you insist, and although he may not have them in stock, you will be well advised to wait while he orders them for you. The improvement in your appearance will be ample compensation for any trouble taken to obtain these simple and harmless beautifiers.

Beauty in Breathing.

A great deal can be done towards brightening the eyes by systematic breathing for ten minutes each morning and evening. Breathe slowly and deeply to the fullest capacity of the lungs. You should stand erect by an open window. The corsets should not be worn during this exercise.

About Shampooing.

Even the best shampoo is somewhat drying, and if the hair is not naturally oily, I suggest that just before the shampoo, you apply olive oil to the scalp, rubbing it into the hair roots vigorously. Then use pure stallax for the shampoo. Dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This will leave the hair very clean, soft and fluffy.

An Instantaneous Beautifier.

Instead of face powder, use a simple lotion made from one ounce of clemite and four table-spoonfuls of water. This lotion will tone and clear the skin, and acts as a protection against sun and wind. A little applied with the finger-tips instantly gives the skin a delightful "bloomy" appearance. No powder is necessary, and the result lasts all day long under the most trying conditions.

To Permanently Remove Superfluous Hair.

It is a simple matter to remove a downy growth of hair temporarily, but to remove it permanently is quite another matter. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that powdered phenol may be used for this purpose. Apply it directly to the hair. The recommended treatment is designed not merely to instantly remove the hair, but also to eventually kill the roots entirely. Any chemist should be able to supply you with an ounce of phenol, which quantity should be sufficient.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.

It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars or bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this, there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use ordinary mercolised wax instead of cosmetics they would have natural, healthy complexions. This remarkable substance is not absorbed by the skin; its action is just the opposite. The skin repels mercolised wax, and at the same time throws off all imperfections. An exquisite new complexion peeps out, quite free from any appearance of artificiality. Apply nightly like cold cream, for a week or so, washing it off in the morning.

About Hair Tonics.

Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out. From your chemist get an original package of boranum, to this add 1/2 pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half-a-pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger-tips and you will immediately experience that clean, tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action.

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I have seen some very interesting advertisements of the 'Swan' fountain pen, and I think it will be of interest to you to hear that I am writing this letter with a 'Swan' pen bought at Cape Town over 20 years ago. It is still in good condition, and although in daily use all these years, I have never had the nib renewed. Needless to say, I take great care of it and hope to keep it in going order for many years. It is like an old friend, and I am never without it in my pocket.

(Signed) J. F. Hibbins,
42, Carnarvon Road,
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A NEW CHESTERTON SATIRE.

"The Flying Inn."

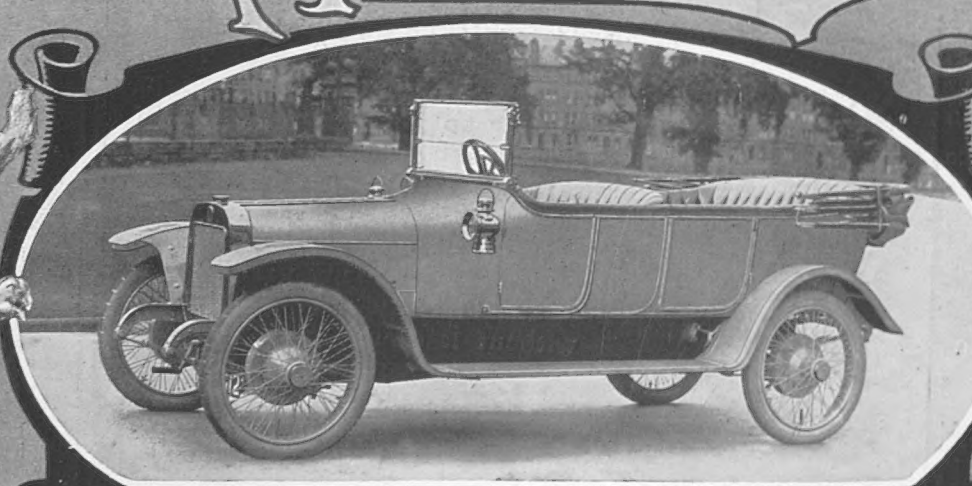
By G. K. CHESTERTON
(Melhuem.)

Were the heavens made as a house for the stars, or did the stars come by way of decoration to the heavens? Some such question is very likely to arise before readers of "The Flying Inn," which is fantastic, satiric farce, studded with songs. When the context grows most elusive and mysterious and unfathomable, there is quite sure to spring forth a gay, rollicking song, not to illuminate, but to cheer; and under the star is born one of Mr. Chesterton's ideas, characteristic, ingenious, and witty. On the whole, it seems very likely that Mr. Chesterton had those songs lying by, and knowing them to be well worth a little scene-painting, has "presented" them in this piquant get-up. To achieve it he has not hesitated to Orientalise England so far as the abolishment of pubs by Act of Parliament. An enthusiastic little Turk wanders through the country converting public opinion to the tenets and customs of his religion. A great pillar of the State, the aristocratic politician *par excellence*, takes fire from Islam, if such an element can be mentioned in connection with so bloodless a person, and legislates accordingly. His *coup d'état* was to erase the Inn and its Sign from the face of England. By reason of a technical weakness in the Act, an amazing Naval officer makes it his business to uproot the one remaining sign, and carry it about the country by donkey or car, erecting it at convenient buildings and thereby creating a pub within the meaning of the Act. There transpire these delightful ditties, these songs of wine "to wake the dead." It is dreadfully hard to refrain from quotation about the wicked Grocer who "groces in spirits and in wine, Not frankly and in fellowship, As men in inns do dine," or Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews, who "Suffered from new and original views"; long after the strange trio who drank golden rum and strong starlight and the fragrance of the forests have faded from our minds, we shall remember their verse, and that "The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road," but since such artistry has gone to their context it would be tasteless to detach them just now. Teetotallers and vegetarians get a poor time of it, whether in prose or verse. The gallant Captain—he suggests a Cyrano de Bergerac whose Muse, forsaking Roxane, has been week-ending with Kipling at Brighton—despises both, though he did live on cheese, rum, and fungi for an exciting and indefinite period. Among his selections of a site for his Sign, it is planted before the doors of a Futurist Exhibition. The insidious Turk was found there bleating approval: "I have most carefully loo-looked into every one of the

frames. Everyone I have approo-ooved. No trace of Ze Man form. No trace of Ze Animal form. All decoration as good as the goo-oodest of carpets: it harms not. . . . Ze old Moslems allow to draw the picture of the vegetable. Here I hunt even for the vegetable. And there is no vegetable." "Doesn't it strike you that there are a very large number of chemists in London nowadays?" the Captain remarked to his passengers as they flew in their car from the Futurists, their Sign accompanying them. They had just passed two—of the same name, and a third was chemicalising round the corner. "What can people want with two chemists of the same sort within a few yards of each other?" he pursued. "Do they put one leg into one shop and one into the other, and have their corns done in both at once? Or do they take an acid in one shop and an alkali in the next and wait for the fizz? Or do they take the poison in the first shop and the emetic in the second shop? It seems like carrying delicacy too far. It almost amounts to living a double life." This is satire calculated to augment the joy of life; and many a page suggests that Mr. Chesterton's personality adds to its essence of Grano-cum-Kipling more than a dash of Swift. The whole affair, songs, sallies, and signs, is exhilarated and exhilarating.

As Mr. Julius Price, the well-known artist, says in the preface to his reminiscences, "My Bohemian Days in Paris" (Werner Laurie), the number of books on Bohemian life in the Gay City is legion. There is, however, always room, and a welcome, for one that is so amusing and so frankly intimate as his. There is a potential book to be made of everybody's life, and each can justify its own existence, no matter how many others there be. Mr. Price's does so incontestably. He writes of his own personal experiences during his years as an art-student in "the Quartier," and he writes without any hypocritical reserve, but in a gossipy, confidential vein, just as he might unbosom himself to an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time. The result is a delightful piece of unconventional autobiography. Mr. Price need not apologise for the capital "I's," for in autobiography egotism is not only excusable: it is indispensable; and it is only offensive when there is conceit behind it. Of "the sex" he has many interesting anecdotes. "I have not attempted," he writes, "to gloss over or palliate any of my little indiscretions and 'aventures.' They are part and parcel of the life of the student in Paris." Among the adventures was the Bal des Quatz Arts, at which many of the ladies wore a pair of slippers *et praelerea nihil!*

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A PRETTY PINK NIGHTIE FOR MOLLY—AS SHOWN AND WORN.



1. AS SHOWN: THE NIGHT-GOWN OF "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS" EXHIBITED BY MOLLY THORNHILL (MISS ENID BELL).

2. AS WORN: MISS ENID BELL AS MOLLY THORNHILL AS SHE GOES TO BED IN "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS."

Our readers will remember that a bedroom scene plays an important part in "A Pair of Silk Stockings," at the Criterion. Molly, who has arrived unheralded at the house of Sir John and Lady Penelope Gower, has to borrow a night-dress. Lady

Penelope can only supply one that is of merino. Molly thinks this decidedly unsuited to her age, and eventually borrows something more becoming—a nightie of silk.—[Photographs Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Wraether and Buys.]

THE ONLY WOMAN WHO HAS MADE BERNARD SHAW CRY.



THE "LITTLE SISTER" OF SARA ALLGOOD; AND MARY ELLEN OF "GENERAL JOHN REGAN"
IN THE UNITED STATES: MISS MAIRE O'NEILL.

Miss Maire O'Neill, sister of Miss Sara Allgood, of the Irish Players, first made her name as Pegeen in "The Playboy of the Western World," and is now playing Mary Ellen in "General John Regan" in the United States. She has other distinctions, too; for "The Theatre Magazine," of New York, tells us that it was she "who achieved what London had thought the impossible. She caused George Bernard Shaw

to shed tears. Not only is there the testimony of eye-witnesses to those tears, but the scoffing philosopher himself confesses it. Back of the curtain he came when Miss O'Neill had been playing the mother in 'The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet,' his wheat-coloured beard still moist, and said: 'Miss O'Neill, you are the only woman who ever made me cry—especially the only actress.'"—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]